

ROBINS'S LONDON AND DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

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GEORGE HOME.

GEORGE HOME is one of the most extraordinary individuals in Ireland: the lowliness of his original occupation, his subsequent prosperity, the singularity of his fortunes, the exaggeration and mystery with which the story of his success in life has been involved by the gossiping propensities of a great portion of the inhabitants of Dublin, and the qualities of the man himself as a citizen, render him and his history a subject of curious inquiry to the stranger who visits the Irish metropolis. My inquisitiveness into the circumstances of this individual, arose out of my presence at a public meeting, held in Dublin in May last, in the buildings called "THE NATIONAL MART," of which he alone is the founder, for the purpose of arranging the permanent establishment of that undertaking. On that occasion Mr. Home developed, in an elaborate statement, with much energy and apparent sincerity, the advantages likely to result to the manufacturing classes of Ireland from the proposed institution. My attention was withdrawn from the speaker, in the progress of his development, by the declamatory narration of an artisan standing in my immediate neighbourhood, who, surrounded by a group of bellowing auditors, and evincing most ineffable satisfaction, unfolded to them the entire history of Mr. Home; which, if he related with fidelity, nearly reached that consummation of miraculous achievements to which the Baron Munchausen notoriously attained! There were various causes assigned, by this amusing biographer, for the elevation of Mr. Home, from his humble occupation of a journeyman pastry-cook, into the architect of more than one national institution; but, with the exception of being possessed of certain powers of alchymy, which, according to the same veritable authority, enabled him to transmute bits of gilded gingerbread into golden ingots, the orator of whom I have spoken decided, that the finding of a Queen Anne farthing, by Home, had been the agent in elevating the possessor into his present pre-eminence amongst the citizens of the Irish metropolis. Every word which fell from the communicative biographer of Mr. Home increased my desire to discover how much of truth had entered into his narration; and my anxiety was not at all diminished, as I heard, at all sides of me, as the multitude dispersed at the conclusion of the proceedings, ejaculations upon the waywardness of fortune, and the strangeness of Mr. Home having risen to wealth and respectability "by his good luck in finding a Queen Anne farthing!" The facts relating to the life of this singular man have been brought within my knowledge by means of a laborious inquiry,

and I can vouch for the veracity of the statement which I shall now give:—

GEORGE HOME is a native of Berwickshire. He is a descendant of Home, of Benton, who himself, as appears by the records of the Lion Office, was descended from the Earls of Home, the representatives of the ancient princes of Northumberland. The celebrated Lord Kames, who flourished in the seventeenth century as one of the judges of the Court of Session, was also a member of this noble family. It would be tedious to enter into a relation of the vicissitudes that reduced the immediate ancestors of the subject of this memoir, to a station in society beneath that which their hereditary rank conferred upon them. George Home, who, it will be seen, had endowments for an higher office, was apprenticed to a confectioner, and, having served his term of apprenticeship, repaired, about fourteen years since, to that great market for genius, London. He pursued, in that great metropolis, the avocations of his trade with the perseverance and industry for which his country is remarkable—“*sunt quos curriculo* ;’ but I shall not be classical,—I mean to say, that nature has conferred upon each of us peculiar habits and attributes, and that, while some men are remarkable for their powers in destroying, by a voracious appetite, the creatures which grow under the forming hands of a pastry-cook, other men are gifted with a creative genius, that renders this epicurean devastation of no injury to those inclined to indulge in similar enjoyments. Of this latter class was George Home. His excellence in his art at once revealed him as belonging to the first order of the trade, and the skill and nicety of his devices—and if, under the circumstances, I may say—the *taste*, which his work exhibited, rendered him speedily an *artist* of celebrity in his line. About this period, he was met in London by Millar, a person of his own trade, living in one of the principal streets of the Irish metropolis, and a negotiation between them terminated in Home accepting a situation in the establishment of this person, and coming to reside in Ireland. It is proper, at this period of the narration, to record the circumstance of Mr. Home being the first introducer, into Ireland, of that species of architectural confectionery, which may now be seen gracing the supper-tables of the fashionable *gourmands* of that country. The salary which Mr. Home received was a proof of his cleverness, since it was considered unusual and extravagant by his associates. His provident disposition soon exhibited itself, and he began to lay by a portion of his earnings. At this time it occurred, that some coins were brought from the shop of a Mr. Ennis, a baker, residing in Grafton Street. Home was engaged in looking over these coins, and his eye was quickly struck with the beautiful appearance of one of them. His taste in the arts, and a fancy for the inspection of curiosities, had brought him acquainted with that rare produce called *farthings*, to which the reign of Queen Anne gave birth. The wife of his employer was present, and to her Home descanted upon the prettiness of the farthing, and his willingness to give her for it more than its nominal value. He offered her twopence in exchange for the coin, which she, with a generosity only to be accounted for in her ignorance of *virtu*, magnanimously refused, and pressed Home to receive the coin as a gift. He hesitated to receive it without giv-

ing a consideration for it, and at length prevailed upon the mistress to accept twopence in lieu of the farthing. As soon as the bargain was made he smiled and exclaimed, that his fortune was already made: "This is," said he, "if I do not mistake, a Queen Anne farthing!" The woman thought, with Hamlet, that "this was the very coinage of his brain!" and, in the course of that day, the discovery of Home was treated as a jest. Moore, the baker, from whose shop the farthing was brought, became acquainted with the circumstance, but attached no more importance to its result than those many others, who smiled at the credulity of the young Scotchman, who, notwithstanding the provoking gibes of his acquaintances, retained his opinion as to the authenticity of the coin, as well as a watchful possession of it; and, in due form, communicated to the Royal Society of London the fact of his having, in his keeping, what was considered so rare and valuable a production. Moore, perceiving the pertinacity with which Home adhered to his original opinions, then began to express a regret that he had ever yielded up his right to the farthing. Home, at once, declared the uncertainty of the farthing being of the reign of Queen Anne, but promised, that, if his conjectures were realized, he would give half the produce of the sale of the coin to this individual; which undertaking seemed more than satisfactory to Moore, who extolled the liberality of the Scotchman. In due time the answer from the Royal Society arrived, confirmatory of the hopes of the lucky finder; and, at once, regret sprang up in the family of his employer, that to none of themselves was belonging so much sagacity as enabled Home to find out this precious treasure. Much trickery was put in operation to recover the possession of the coin, although it was not for a moment implied, that the parties would recede from the terms agreed upon between them. Many efforts were used to seduce the coin from the careful depository in which Home had laid it, but they were ineffectual. Home, being a stranger, and observing many suspicious symptoms, declined surrendering the possession of his treasure. Now the thought seized them, of using forcible means, alleging, that Home originally possessed himself of the coin by dishonest means,—that it was their property, and that they were best entitled to its proceeds. Home speedily counted amongst his enemies many of those low mechanics, who were then concerned in the retail distribution of Irish justice. Some of his adversaries were vulgar corporators, common councilmen, and such cattle who have, or had, a predominance in the Court of Sessions. Many of them, too, were on visiting terms at the Sheriffs' Office, where, if we are to believe the Parliamentary records, any "accommodation" to a party could be had at a fixed price, or could be had, if Alderman Nugent be not an utterer of fibs, for *nothing*, when the party chanced to possess political principles of the proper hue! • A

• See "The Fifteenth Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Duties, Salaries, and Emoluments, of the Officers, Clerks, and Ministers of Justice, in all Temporal and Ecclesiastical Courts, in Ireland," in the OFFICE OF SHERIFF, *passim*. The following extract, page 64, may be read with some interest, as illustrative of the system:—

"A flagrant instance of a jury, packed in the *Sheriff's Office*, occurred within the last four years, on the trial of an indictment for an assault, at the quarter ses-

warrant of search was, without difficulty, obtained, which enabled the trusty and well-beloved enemies of Home to rifle his trunk; which process was rendered nugatory by the precautions of Home, who then manifested the obstinacy of the Scotchman, and vowed he would suffer death rather than yield to so base an expedient. Having failed in the search to recover the coin, a warrant of committal, on a charge of robbery, was had against poor Home, who was forthwith transmitted to Newgate, there to be, without bail or mainprize, until tried before a jury of his citizens. In his passage to the prison from the place of his capture, he threw the coin, which, at the time, was hidden, in his pocket, into one of those mountains of street-or-dure, with which Major Taylor had then contrived to render the air

sions. The traverser, who is a practising attorney, residing in the city of Dublin, with a view to procure a jury likely to acquit him, appears, with the assistance and advice of his professional partner, his clerk, and a relative and particular friend, to have formed a list, containing the names of about twenty persons, some of which were suggested by himself, some by his clerk, and also by his friend. The formation of this list is directly proved by the traverser and his clerk, who framed it, as also by the evidence of some of the persons named in it, and who were subsequently placed on the panel; and its delivery to some person in the Sheriffs' Office, is proved beyond doubt by the official panel, in the handwriting of the clerk, Mr. Mansfield, with which we have been furnished, and at the head of which are placed almost all the names contained in this list." The report proceeds to say, "Of the twenty-four names first on the panel, some had never been served, or been summoned to serve, on a jury, on a former occasion; and others, from the circumstance of their vending spirits by retail, it was improper, and contrary to the usual practice, to place on panels. The traverser's clerk appears to have applied to some of those persons in order to secure their attendance, requesting that, if any circumstance should take place at the trial favourable to the traverser, they would avail themselves of it in his favour. His friend and relative also appears to have made personal application to insure attendance; and the traverser, according to the evidence of the bailiff, applied to him in the Sheriffs' Office, and pointed out several names of individual jurors, whom he requested he should be particular in summoning, for which service he remunerated him with one guinea. Of the names contained in the list conveyed to the Sheriffs' Office, four appear to have been sworn on the jury that tried the case. The result was, that, in opposition to the clearest evidence, and the recorder's charge and remonstrance, one of these four jurors, the relative and client of the traverser, to whom he appears also to have been a debtor, held out against the other eleven, and the prosecution proved abortive, a juror being withdrawn. In a previous stage of the trial the jury had been more divided, until, upon the cross-examination of the traverser's own witness (a person who was his clerk and cashier), it appeared that he had confessed to him the fact of the assault!

"It is not unusual, in criminal cases, for the prisoner or traverser, by resorting to the Sheriffs' Office, to obtain a copy of the panel previously to his trial. In one case of this description, we find a sum of five guineas paid to the clerk." Under the head *Jury PROCESS*, when the commissioners bear testimony to the impartiality and correctness with which this duty is discharged in the counties, they say, "With respect to the impanelling and summoning of juries in the city of *Dublin*, we cannot express a similar opinion. Much public impression has prevailed, that the influence of the corporation, in the Sheriffs' Office, has been used to corrupt or bias the administration of justice through juries." Under the head *NISI PRIUS*, and *PETIT JURIES*, we find the following:—"There appears to us to be no department of the Sheriffs' Office, of the city of Dublin, more loudly calling for correction, than that connected with the summoning of juries. The whole of this duty is committed to one individual, from whom no security is required

odoriferous.* To trial for the "robbery," was poor Home brought before the Recorder's Court, and, with all due formality, he was there convicted of the offence laid in the indictment!!! The present recorder of Dublin, Sir Jonah Green, was the leading counsel against him, and excited no small share of laughter by the strange expedients, in the shape of arguments, which he used to convict "the culprit!!" The most irrefutable doctrine which the learned counsel propounded, with the customary reiteration of the advocate, was drawn from Hudibras—

" The value of a thing
Is the money it will bring!"

On this sagacious dictum it was necessary to lay great stress, for, when the facts were disclosed to the court and jury, the affair was made more a subject for laughter than for grave inquiry. However, the matter proved at length to be one of a most serious character to Home—a jury—a *Dublin jury*, the constituent materials of which have been already analysed by the Parliamentary Commissioners—found a verdict against the stranger, and, upon Sir Jonah Green's principle, the recorder sentenced him for the robbery to TWELVE MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT IN THE JAIL OF NEWGATE, although the

for his good conduct in its performance, and in whom a discretion is vested to employ such persons as he may select to assist him, who are not restrained by the check of any responsibility. He admits the practice of receiving bribes from parties, for what he calls carefully summoning particular juries; which can mean nothing but making the attendance of jurors favourable to the party bribing him more certain than that of others. He admits, also, that he has allowed himself to be tampered with by parties in trials at the Commission Court; and he recollects one case, in which he received a bribe for endeavouring to change the situation of names upon a panel (on the occasion of a trial for perjury), by placing those which were at the bottom of the panel at the top; in which attempt, however, he failed," &c. &c. &c.

These little extracts afford no more than a slight idea of the dreadful system of the Sheriffs' Office in Dublin, as developed in the course of this parliamentary commission. From what has been adduced, however, it is not difficult to decide, that a jury, to convict Mr. Home of "robbery," was procured without much difficulty!

* No man cleaves with more pertinacious adherence, even to the prejudices of his early habits, than a Scotchman. Thus, Major Taylor, a thorough Caledonian, holding for many years a leading office in the municipal authority of Dublin, fancied, from his early predilection for the old town of Edinburgh, that heaps of filth, tastefully laid down in the various streets of the metropolis, were essential to their picturesque appearance; and I question whether he would not abominate the look of the wheelbarrow which would remove them, unless from the same inducement to tolerate their approach that fills the poet, who kisses the vase in which roses have once been distilled! The odour (*de gustibus non*, &c.) alike clings to the vase and to the wheelbarrow! Some years since, the inhabitants of Mark's parish presented a memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant, praying that he would interpose his authority to protect the mere Irishery from the mountains of Scotch perfume, which were permitted to remain upon the streets. The memorial was referred to Major Taylor for his report, and he manfully vindicated his favourite theory, as to the salutary influence of the ornaments complained of; and showed cause against the memorial by assuring the Lord-Lieutenant, that those who were blessed with the longest lives on record, either lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the public temple of Cloacina, or devoted themselves to her service, by frequent descents into those regions over which she presided! The reader may depend upon the accuracy of this fact, however incredible it may appear.

prosecutor admitted the farthing was given to Home, but not returned by him, thus, even according to the statement of the prosecutor, determining the offence, at the worst, as no more than a *breach of trust*. The legend amongst the vulgar from that day, as has been proved by the introductory part of this sketch, is, that the Queen Anne farthing was the convertible source of the present prosperity and station of Mr. Home. Than this notion, nothing can be more erroneous. The farthing contributed to Home nothing but whatever of temporary shame it had brought upon his reputation, which might have been the ruin of a spirit less capable of reaction than his. During his imprisonment, the exemplary conduct of Home procured him the friendship of several gentlemen, with whom he occasionally came into contact, they being inmates of the same dreary abode. One gentleman, particularly, evinced feelings of sympathy and regard towards him; and to this individual does Home attribute his subsequent success. This gentleman had been, under some process of civil law, an inmate of Newgate for upwards of five years, and was allowed by his family an annuity, sufficient in amount for his respectable maintenance. He had often expressed a strong friendship for Home during the period of his captivity, and took, as all persons who know anything of the man, an extraordinary interest in his fortunes. On the liberation of Home, this gentleman insisted on his receiving from him, as a trifling testimony of his regard and belief of his unjust imprisonment, a present of five pounds, which the high-minded Scotchman objected to receive unless on the terms of a *loan*. With this sum of five pounds, a manuscript on some subject that has not been disclosed, and a few tools pertaining to the trade of a carpenter (for, during his imprisonment, he employed his time as a means of support in the manufacture of musical instruments, particularly violins and Eolian harps), did George Home, with a character sullied in the estimation of some, but elevated, immeasurably, in the opinions of others, commence his "second career of life." With this miserable capital, did this enterprising man, in the field of his humiliation, resume his trade as a confectioner. He hired an obscure lodging in Capel Street, and in the purchase of an utensil necessary for his art, he expended nearly all his funds, merely reserving the sum of *one pound and fourpence halfpenny sterling!* Under these disheartening circumstances he proceeded. Industry seems to have been always a leading characteristic of the man. In his humble abode, he racked invention to supply innovation upon the old system of cookery. It is mentioned as an instance of his indefatigable perseverance, that, during this probationary period of his fortunes, he habitually expended of his time sixteen or seventeen hours in laborious occupation! At the end of the first year, he not only found himself enabled to doubly repay his Newgate benefactor, but also to emerge from his abode in Capel Street, from which he supplied with articles, made by him, the people in his trade residing in the fashionable parts of the city, and to become the tenant of a *shop*. To his new residence his good luck followed him; and, at the end of the second year of his industry, he felt that his funds warranted him in removing his establishment to one of the most stylish streets in Dublin, which soon became the resort of all *that* portion of the *beau monde*, who breakfast at an early hour, and feel the suggestions of a craving appetite between the time of break-

fast and of dinner. "The great King himself," as Shakspeare says, "did woo him oft for his confections!" A certain viceroy was observed, on more than once occasion, satiating his appetite by a plebeian indulgence in the luxuries of "BANQUETING HALL." This at once decided the character of this Apician edifice, upon which Home had expended, when he took possession of it as a tenant, the entire of his capital in brilliant decorations, that at once exhibited him as an individual of more classic endowments than are usually conferred by nature upon mere pastrycooks. The seductive brilliancy of BANQUETING HALL, which almost seemed to exhale into Sackville Street a kind of gastric vapour, that persuaded the appetite into downright hunger scarcely able to eat a luncheon, soon realized an annual net profit, for the proprietor, of more than *one thousand* pounds.

With this accumulating property, a man of less laudable ambition would have rested satisfied; but he was not content with such an income. The success attending his exertions in Sackville Street gave rise to various alterations and improvements in his establishment, that eventually infused into him a taste for architecture, and in a few years directed his attention to a much more comprehensive field for improvement and speculation. In consequence of the erection of that splendid edifice, the new General Post Office of Ireland, the building formerly occupied by the Postmasters-General, situated in College Green, in front of the Irish House of Commons, became vacant. For a period of two or three years, that huge pile of buildings was represented in the public prints as a nuisance, deserving of abatement, by presentment or some other compulsory process. Mr. Home entered into treaty with the owners for the tenancy of it; and, after a formal negotiation, was declared the successful purchaser for a sum of *eleven thousand pounds*, under the condition, that he should proceed immediately to the outlay of a large sum of money in the improvement of the premises! Many of those good-natured people who are to be found every where in abundance, whose occupation it is to sit in council upon all the affairs and transactions of their neighbours and acquaintances, were sadly puzzled to discover the drift of the new speculation of the man who was designated, *par excellence*, "the lucky Scotchman!" No one, not even one of the class just described, could form any satisfactory suspicion of his project.—Before speculation had tired itself, the public eye was astonished by the erection of THE ROYAL ARCADE upon the site of the old Post Office. With so much secrecy and composure did Mr. Home carry his intentions into effect, that it is a fact incontestable, that the very residents about this beautiful and extensive concern were ignorant of its being in progress of erection, until the gates of it were thrown open to the public visitor! It was rather extraordinary, in the opinion of the good easy men who so kindly assume the function of sitting in conclave upon the business of George Home, and all such men, that upwards of thirty shops and warehouses could be erected, occupied, and opened at once in the very centre of the city, to the surprise even of the contiguous residents! The ingenuity and taste displayed in the erection of this edifice, and the sensation created by its establishment, stamped upon Mr. Home the character of the man of talent in more than the pursuit in which he had hitherto appeared. The confectioner seemed to migrate into the architect. Many bene-

ficial consequences resulted from the establishment of the Arcade, of which the three we shall mention may be considered as of paramount importance. 1st. The improvement of the shops and warehouses of Dublin in external appearance. 2d. An increase of attention and activity from venders to their customers, as well as a decided change for the better in the internal arrangements. 3d. The opportunity afforded by opening, for the occupancy of industrious individuals in trade concerns, where, contrary to the usual practice in the Irish metropolis—a practice which acted as a complete check to the speculation of those whose means were limited, fines were not exacted from the tenant entering on possession. This concern has been now established for a period of seven years, and still is a source of attraction to the citizens of Dublin as well as to those strangers who visit that city. The value of the Arcade to the proprietor has been estimated at 40,000*l.*; the gross income which it yields amounts to no less than 3,500*l.* annually, from which are to be deducted the expenses of maintaining the premises, which, from the uniform splendour and regularity with which they are conducted, must be considerable. It was supposed that a rich money-lender, who stood merely in the relation of law agent to Mr. Home, had been in reality the source of all this expenditure of moneys which has been described. It is just as true, to attribute to him one particle of the prosperity of Home, as to assign it to the farthing. Home has been the unfriended architect of his own fortune. The first mark of favour which could be considered an approval of his industrious exertions, Mr. Home received in 1823, after the erection of the Arcade, from that patriotic and excellent baronet, Sir Capel Molyneux, who transmitted with a letter, which appeared at the time in the public journals, a splendid testimonial of his respect for him. Having recovered from corporate rascality and oppression—having founded “Banqueting Hall,” and erected THE ROYAL ARCADE, the attention of Mr. Home was directed to a new speculation—to nothing less than giving to Ireland A NATIONAL MARKET, which the “Patriots” said she wanted very badly for a century. More than three years ago, one of the first lords of the soil, and most of the great mercantile personages of the city of Dublin, voted, at a public meeting held at the Royal Exchange, the following resolutions:—

“Resolved—That, being satisfied that the establishment of a weekly market in the city or liberty of Dublin, for the sale of the produce of domestic manufacture, particularly in the linen, woollen, and cotton branches, both in the raw and finished state, and also for linen and cotton yarn, would greatly tend to encourage and promote industry, and consequently improve the condition of the working classes in the metropolis, and its vicinity—

“Resolved—That a committee be appointed to ascertain what, in their opinion, would be the proper site, the extent of ground that would be required, the nature and extent of the buildings, and also to suggest the best means of raising the necessary funds for the accomplishment of the proposed market.”

When those resolutions had been passed with all due formality, and thanks were voted to the noble chairman, for his dignified and impartial conduct in the chair, and when the different speakers retired to their respective houses, in the delightful anticipation of seeing their influential names, titles, and speeches, set forth in the morning papers of the next day, in the flattering relief of longprimer type, and when

the said speeches, appearing in such manner, were duly read, seen, and admired, there was a communication made, from a committee appointed at the meeting, to the Irish government. The government agreed to advance *one-half* of the necessary funds for the purposes stated, provided the lords, merchants, and patriots, would put their hands in their purses, and supply the other half. The contributions of the patriots consisted of mere talk—a shilling was not subscribed by them, and, therefore, sixpence was not advanced by government!

Upon this *hint* of the utility of such an institution as that described in the foregoing resolutions, did Mr. Home proceed in a new undertaking. Whimsical and speculative, he did that which no other person would do; and, without the assistance of the lords, merchants, and patriots, and owing just as little to the “benign and parental government of Ireland,” he has been able to erect a pile of buildings, which, in their magnitude, resemble a little town! At a public meeting, convened by himself at this NATIONAL MART, was my attention, as I before explained, drawn to inquiry into his extraordinary history. On that occasion he addressed, in plain and intelligible arguments, the immense assemblage which he had convened, and expatiated, with the argumentative energy of a professional orator, on the benefits likely to result from the institution. It would be quite impossible to condense into reasonable propositions his elaborate statistics. He urged, on the faith of his own practice and experience, the advantages of industry, and the benefits which were likely to accrue to the manufacturing classes of Dublin, and the country in general, if markets were established for the sale of domestic manufactures, and loan funds instituted to supply the poor artificers with small sums of money to assist them in their respective trades. To this really benevolent plan, there was opposed a host of adversaries. Some of these were corporators, who detest Mr. Home, from the circumstance of, on more than one occasion, his having wrestled with corporate monopoly—others were individuals, whose decided interest lay in preventing the accomplishment of the project—a third, and the most numerous class of opponents, was those meddling worthless persons, with brains just sufficient to achieve a public injury, who infest the Irish metropolis, and who are continually exhibiting themselves in the affected guise of benevolence, while, in reality, they contribute no more to the cause of charity than very tiresome, very stupid, and, generally speaking, very mischievous speechification.—Mr. Home, despite of opposition, continued to press his project on the public attention, both by letters in the public journals, and by a development of his plan at public meetings. Many converts were won over to his opinions, which are now about to be acted upon. The best proof of his sincerity in the project may be gathered from the fact, that he has expended in the erection of “the National Mart” a sum considerably exceeding 15,000*l.*!*

* The National Mart is an edifice of great extent, as well as splendour. It is a quadrangular pile, forming an area of 300 by 200 feet, surrounded by a double row of building. The first and second stories are supported by Doric and Grecian Doric columns. Then four spacious corridors, intended for the exhibition of various sorts of Irish manufactures: along these corridors are chambers or offices for the purposes of trade. The third and fourth stories contain about two hundred apartments, the precise object of which has not yet transpired.

it may easily be inferred, that Mr. Home is a most valuable member of society, and a citizen of great worth : nevertheless—and it is a fact illustrative of the baseness of the vulgar corporations of Ireland, that he, although having conferred valuable benefits upon the Irish metropolis, and being, in every respect, a most deserving subject for public respect, has never received the freedom of the city ! During the mayoralty of a certain *soi-disant* liberal lord mayor, there was an intimation given to Mr. Home, that he would speedily receive the honour of the franchise ; but an unlucky accident deprived him of this distinction, and nipped, in the bud, the municipal laurels destined for his use. One of those carnivals, called lord mayor's dinners, was given about this time. Generally speaking, some Catholics and liberal Protestants, who may be amongst the personal acquaintances, or customers, of the ephemeral nobleman, find their way into the list of invitations ; as it is expressly requested, that until a reasonable time shall have elapsed after dinner, so as to give the well-behaved portion of the company an opportunity to retire, the brutality, of which these places are generally the scene, may be deferred. Invariably, it is true, some obstreperous members of the loyal mob, unused to the distracting medley of good things, of which they make their bellies the receptacles on these occasions, do exhibit their disgusting excesses ; and, their mouths stuffed, *ad nauseam*, with an amalgamation of meats, pastry, and vegetables, utter an inarticulate exclamation, and, in an effort, by standing up, to do honour to the toast of "THE GLORIOUS MEMORY," the anxious movers of these extended jaws fall prostrate, in acknowledgment of the more potent and irresistible sovereignty of strong liquor ! However, such lapses of decorum occurring before the cloth is removed, must not be taken as indicative of a general want of decency at so early a period of such festivities. This little digression has been indulged in to account for the appearance at one of those dinners, to which Mr. Home had been invited, of a Catholic gentleman, who, at the moment that Mr. Home entered the reception-room, advanced towards him, and continued with him in familiar converse until "the work of destruction" was announced. It was decided from that day, that Home was a man whom it would be dangerous to trust with his freedom ; and, accordingly, he heard nothing more of the matter. Insolvent tax-eaters—pauper Protestants of "undoubted loyalty," from the Coombe or the purlieus of Werburgh Street—birds of passage, in no matter what capacity—army ensigns, "for their gallant conduct in the Peninsula," might, with safety, be enfranchised ; but George Home, who literally is the founder of various public buildings, whose money has been expended in the employment of the famishing tradesmen, whom corporate rapacity, along with other causes, mulct of their miserable earnings ;—who, in a word, is a citizen of reputation and stability, has not been conceded that which is bestowed, indiscriminately, upon the most worthless and idle persons in the metropolis !

Mr. Home, notwithstanding the various vicissitudes of fortune which he has undergone, is a young man. To all appearance, his age does not exceed thirty-four or thirty-five years. He is a thin Scottish-looking person, and exhibits in his countenance that perfection of intellect and benevolence of disposition, for which he is so eminently distinguished. His habits are frugal and regular in the extreme ; but his frugality by

no means diverges into penuriousness or want of generosity. His frugality is the caution and providence of a man who knows the value of money; and to the circumstances which made him skilled in this very occult science, is probably attributable his readiness, on all occasions, to do a kind act, and aid a deserving individual who may want his assistance. He was evidently designed by nature for pursuits different from the occupation to which he has been bred; and from the great taste and judgment which he has displayed in architectural designs, it is not a visionary speculation to say, that other circumstances might have made him an architect, surpassing most of his cotemporaries in scientific conception. Probably, to Mr. Home, originally, did not belong more attainments than were necessary to render him a proficient in his trade; but he is at present in possession of great tact in literary composition, and powers that enable him to communicate his thoughts on all subjects, with a strength and propriety far surpassing those who have not made such subjects their peculiar study and profession. Altogether, he is a most singular individual, and occupies so much of public attention in the Irish metropolis, and has been the subject of such curious speculation, and extraordinary and fabulous representations, that it is hoped this sketch, conveying as it does, authentic information, may not be considered too elaborate or unnecessary.

DUBLIN DISTICHES.—NO. I.

THE "SAINTS."

"His coat was black, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through."

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

I LATELY was told, on authority grave,
By one who in truth is veracity's slave,
A fact, to relate which my modesty quails;
For, wondrous to say, 'tis that "saints" have got tails!
And he swore at the time by his honour and fame,
That the following receipt would demonstrate the same.

RÉCEIPT.

"Catch a 'saint' by hook, trap, or aught other means,—such
As you spare other vermin, it matters not much;
Then grasp him behind by his 'bracchœ' of sable,
And hold him down fast on a bench or a table,
And cut him and slash him, and hack him and hew him,
And run a great butcher's knife through him and through him,
Then you'll find in a trice that your art will prevail,
For the creature will flourish a monstrous long tail!
This receipt, I protest—nay, I swear—is not spurious,
And is well worth a trial, at least from the curious."

Your "saint" has indeed been most truly compared
To Mahomet's coffin, of which all have heard,
How it doubtfully dangles and hovers betwixt
The earth and the sky, but on neither is fixed:

And the likeness will still be more wittily true,
If you call to remembrance, that of feet but a few
Divide it from earth, while from Heaven, good lack!
It is myriads of miles of a measureless track!

A friend of my own, an old parson of Norwich,
Who abominates "saints" much as Johnson did porridge,*
Tells the following *hit* with much "gusto and gout,"
And, though parsons may joke, yet their jokes must be true.

In the parish of —— lived old farmer Ruxkins,
Who was famous for wearing the toughest of buckskins;
Now Ruxkins had got an old wife, who was curious
To fathom the doctrine the "saints" preached so furious;
So she said to her husband, "Dear John, do you know
That my conscience of late has been very so so.
I can't tell what it be, but that sometimes a pang
For my sad worldly life will come on with a twang,
And I mourn in secret and bitterly sigh,
And think on the day, I'll be called on to die;
And my soul hath grown thin, and my spirit waxed spare,
Nor I hunger and thirst after spiritual fare;
So I prithee, dear spouse, just to make me all right,—
Do let me partake of the 'love-feast' to-night."

"A love-feast!" cried he, "What! a meeting of Swaddlers?
Noa! I hate the vile cant of those sanctified pedlars,
Who hawk rund the country their counterfeit wares,
And gull foolish pidgeons with poppies and tares."

"Oh! fie, Mr. R., you're the shamelessest carper!"
Cried his wife, looking savage, whilst bluer and sharper
The point of her nose every moment became,
And just in proportion poor Ruxkins grew tame.
He feared, should a storm matrimonial take place,
And so deemed it the best to give up with good grace.
So she thanked him and smiled.—"For in cases like these
You know, dearest John, I do just as *you* please."
"You're the best of all wives, that I know," replied Ruxkins,
"So I'll lend you a pair of the best of my buckskins,
For the evening is coolish, the day was but foggy,
And you're subject to cramps and rheumatics, dear Moggy.
And Thady shall go and attend you all through,
For I don't like the place,—I'll be down'd, if I do."
So she took his advice; quickly mounted the leather,
And set off for the "feast" in despite of the weather.

But what gallant youth did old Ruxkins relie on?
Oh! faith and indeed 'twas on Thady O'Brien,
A youth full of fun, from that isle of the ocean,
So famed for potatoes, potteen, and commotion;

* A Scotch lady, in London, asked Dr. Johnson to breakfast with her shortly after his return from his "tour," and, among other Scotch dainties, she had a mess of oatmeal porridge; she asked him how he liked it, to which he replied, "Very good for hogs." Here, however, the lady had the last word (as witty ladies generally have with witty gentlemen), for she retorted with "Oh! then pray allow me to help *you* to a little more of it."

Who close by his mistress established his stand,
 "To defend her till deth, with his fist in his hand."
 Having got very close to the sanctified preacher,
 When Thady was sure that no evil could reach her.

And what did ensue at this meeting so grave, I
 Will give you on Thady's own sworn "affidavy,"
 Who was questioned by Ruxkins in tone confidential
 To tell all the sayings and deeds consequential
 To their very first sight of the "banqueting hall,"
 Not omitting one jot, but to "oot with it all."

Then Thady looked knowing, and waggish and mun;
 First twisted his button, then twirled his thumb,
 And, then taking courage, "Well, masther, I'll tell ye,
 Though I trimble in troth like a bag of could jelly;
 But it was not *my* fault, 'twas the Missis *would* go"—
 "Oh! down thee," cried Ruxkins, "tell what happened or no"—
 "Now be asy, yer honour," just give us some patience,
 And you soon shall have knulidge in plenty and lashings.
 Then yer honour must know that the sarvice began,
 And the preacher himself was a fine comely man;
 Around us indeed were the best of the quality,
 But each looked as sad as a cow on a holiday.
 And the minister soon did proceed to his duty,
 And his sarmon began about 'heavenly beauty'
 And 'heavenly bridegrooms,' and 'love all celestial,'
 Unlike that of men, which is earthly and bestial;
 But soon in the midst he got furious and frantic,
 And knocked out one candle with a caper and antic.
 Then, quite unconcerned, without no intintion—
 Which just means on purpose, as I'm going to mintion,
 Bang, smack went the other;—and then we were left, Sir,
 Of candle-light, day-light, and new-light, bereft, Sir.
 And now began squalling, and squeeling, and squeaking,
 And 'saints' with 'saintesses' sad liberties taking.
 But, to make a short end of a very long history,
 Myself caught a glimpse of this very dark mistery,
 And determined to make out the sinse of the riddle,
 And, not caring to stand like the fool in the middle,
 But do as the others were doing, I laid
 The tinderest of hands on the next willing maid;
 When oh! tear-an-ouny! 'twas enough to confound
 My seventeen senses, dear masther, I found
 She had got such a tough pair of buckskins upon her,
 I'd have sworn on my soul they belonged to yer honour!"

"Out! monster, begone! O! my woife, O! my woife,"
 Cried Ruxkins, half mad, "though 'tis past all beloif,—
 You *sholl* neer gang againe to a 'luva-feast' my loife!"
 And such is the tale of the Parson of Norwich,
 A funny old cove, whose abode rhymes to "porridge."

R.

KEPPEL'S JOURNEY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.*

"ONCE mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen! She quarrels with you,—marches off to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and a hundred thousand *canaille* Cossacks and others, and England loses India!" So said Napoleon with the privilege of a dashing politician, and his words are not entirely devoid of meaning. Perhaps, however, Russia may advance upon India without disturbing the slumbers of the sublime Porte, and we are greatly mistaken if Persia do not become a Russian province long before the Czar mounts the throne of the Constantines. Man turns to the South with nearly as much celerity as the needle to the North Pole, and may be classed among those winged tribes who are eternally migrating in pursuit of summer. Some one, or more than one, have prophesied, that Europe would one day be overrun by the modern Goths and Vandals from the banks of the Wolga; but there can be little apprehension of this, when warmer and more interesting climates offer a readier attainment in another direction. The progress of Russian conquests all tends this way. Nicholas's arms are now reflected in the waves of the Caspian, and he needs only give orders to advance, and, almost unresistingly, possess himself of the land of romance—Persia, and its adjoining provinces. Were not our oriental kingdoms endangered by such a movement, we should rejoice at such an event. The Russians, though neither a polished nor a scientific people, could not fail to carry along with them more than an incipient civilization, and a purer faith than that which irremediably condemns the followers of Mahomet to permanent ignorance and atrocious bigotry. Whatever might be the danger to English monopoly, the result would, eventually, be beneficial to Persia, while, instead of augmenting the resources of Russia, it could not fail to render her less formidable to her European neighbours; for despotic power, like sundry bodies, is weakened by expansion.

Much difference of opinion exists, respecting the possibility of a Russian army being able to reach the borders of our Indian possessions. But the alarm now generally entertained in England, respecting the dispute between the Czar and the Persian monarch, shows that many entertain very decided opinions on the subject. There can be little doubt of its perfect practicability; the country they would have to traverse is three parts inhabited by hordes of independent banditti, who are likely to be friendly to those from whom they have most to fear and to expect; and let it never be forgotten, that a Cossack would carry nearly as much black bread—his only food, on his back, as would subsist him on the journey.

Two thousand years ago, a few hundred Greeks marched, sword in hand, through these regions; and the character of the people, and the nature of the country, have since undergone little or no alteration. Local forces could offer no resistance of moment to a Russian army; every thing, therefore, connected with Persia, becomes of interest to

* London: Colburn, 1827, pp. 338.

the British public; and, though Mr. Keppel's journal affords but little not hitherto known, it will be perused with pleasure.

Our author is the son of Lord Albemarle, and, though a very young man, he seems possessed of a clear judgment, many attainments, and considerable talents. He does not aim at an ambitious style, but describes what he saw in a clear correct manner; we only wish that he had been less in a hurry home; much more than he has given us would be acceptable from his pen.

On the 27th of January, 1824, Captain Keppel, in company with Messrs. Hamilton, Lamb, and Hart, sailed, in his majesty's ship the *Aligator*, from Bombay to Bussorah. They had for a fellow-passenger his Highness Flutteh Ali Khan, an eunuch in the seraglio of his brother-in-law, Abbas Meerza, the prince royal of Persia:

"The principal person of the prince's establishment, was a Persian Syyud, a man of some information, and not deficient in humour. As I could speak Persian with tolerable fluency, I used frequently to amuse myself by asking his opinion respecting the improvement of our nation in different branches of science. Amongst other subjects, I tried to explain to him the properties of a steam-boat lately established in Calcutta, which, from its power of stemming wind, tide, and current, had been called by the Indians 'Sheitaun koo noo,' *the Devil's Boat*.

"Wishing to pay a compliment to our nation, the Syyud replied, 'When arts were in their infancy, it was natural to give the devil credit for any new invention; but now, so advanced are the English in every kind of improvement, that they are more than a match for the devil himself.'

"January 29.—This morning (Sunday), divine service was performed. As soon as it was over, I went up to the Syyud, who had been watching our motions, and, to observe his reply, asked him why he had not said his prayers this morning? His answer was very laconic, *Huftee mun, rooze shuma*. 'Daily I, weekly you.'

"The Mahometans believe not, with the Syyud, that we pray once a week, but that we never pray at all; and, to say the truth, the general conduct of our countrymen in the East rather favours this supposition."

The prince was extremely polite:

"Captain Alexander being confined to his bed by a severe fall from a horse while at Bombay, deputed me to do the honours of the table. The prince would sometimes favour us with his company, though, except for the honour, we could willingly have dispensed with his visits. On some of these occasions he would describe, with true Persian minuteness, those particulars of health which we generally reserve for our physician. At other times he would sop his long skeleton fingers in all the dishes most suitable to his palate, thrust them into his mouth, and then, while wet with saliva, into the plate of some wondering midshipman beside him. His highness had one more habit which, though contrary to our opinion of good breeding, is reckoned in Persia the greatest proof of politeness, as it intimates a compliment to the host's good cheer. I mean eructation. In this sort of ventriloquism, his highness was so well bred, as to give us daily specimens of his powers to the disgust of our naval friends, who, not aware such a custom was fashionable in Persia, thought it 'more honoured in the breach, than in the observance.'"

They touched at Muscat, a colony of Ichthiophagi, fish-eaters. The sea literally swarms with the finny tribe. Muscat is the seat of a sovereign Arab prince, whose title is that of Imaum. He is particularly partial to the English, from interested motives, and his subjects are of the sect called Bee-asis:

"The patriarchal simplicity of the Arab character is strongly marked in every thing connected with this court. In the daily divan held by the Imaum, every

one seats himself without any reference to priority. Even beggars can demand this audience, and may be sure of having a patient hearing given to their complaints.

"I have said that the natives of Muscat are of a sect called Bee-asis. Before I notice them, it may be as well to mention, that the two principal sects of Mahometans are Sunnis and Shiah. The Turks are of the former, and the Persians of the latter persuasion. The Sunnis recognize Aboobeker, Omar, and Ottoman, the three first successors of Mahomet, as lawful Caliphs. The Shiah consider them as usurpers of the caliphate; which they affirm belonged of right to Ali.—The Sunnis receive the Sunna, or book of oral traditions of Mahomet, as canonical authority. The Shiah reject it as unworthy of credit.

"The Bee-asis differ, in some respect, from Sunnis and Shiah: both of which sects have a kind of veneration for the descendants of Mahomet. The Bee-asis, so far from granting them a pre-eminence, maintain that all who are Mahometans by birth, are eligible for any employment in church or state. For this reason, the sovereign prince of Muscat is called Imaum; which title, amongst other Mahometans, is given only to princes lineally descended from their prophet.

"All Mahometans are forbidden the use of strong drinks. The Bee-asis are more rigid than the other sects, both in precept and practice. They not only abstain from all fermented liquors, but also from tobacco, and from every description of pomp or magnificence in their dress, their houses, or their mosques. They worship no saints; and have neither convents nor dervishes. They have a great regard for justice; and an universal toleration for other religions."

The following account of the mode of extracting toll, may be useful to Irish corporators:

"At the custom-house we observed a curious mode of extracting toll. A negro slave, standing on a mat at the gate, had in his hand a long sharp grooved instrument, on the principle of a cooper's bung-tap. With this he perforated every bag of rice that was carried past him, and extracted a small portion from each."

What will Mr. Wilberforce say to the following:

"In visiting the slave auction, I felt almost angry with myself, for not experiencing more disgust at witnessing so disgraceful and unnatural a traffic.

"The market was held in an open space near the landing-place. Some twenty or thirty fat little negresses, from twelve to fourteen years of age, having their woolly locks neatly plaited, and their bodies well oiled, to give them a sleek appearance, were ranged in two rows, on some logs of timber. Too young to trouble themselves with their degraded state, they sat giggling and chattering with the utmost nonchalance. Our uniforms appeared to afford them much merriment. One dingy little coquette, by significantly pointing to us, set the rest in a roar of laughter. In the meantime the slave-merchant was leading by the hand one of the party, and calling out her price. As for herself, she seemed more intent to catch the joke of her companion, than to ascertain any thing respecting her future destiny."

February the 20th, they anchored within ten miles of Bussorah, a dirty nasty town, and were received by the Pacha with every possible honour:

"March 1.—We went this afternoon into the desert to a horse-race; an amusement, of which the natives of Bussorah are as fond as our own countrymen; though I fear, if an English jockey had been here, he would have thought the profession disgraced by the exhibition. For our own parts, we were more amused, than if the business had been conducted according to the strictest rules of the turf. The spot selected was the Great Desert, which commences immediately outside the town; a circular furrow of two miles marked the course; and the stakes consisted of a small subscription raised from amongst our European party. The five candidates who started for the prize, were well suited to the general character of the scene. Instead of being decked in all the colours of the rainbow, a coarse

loose shirt comprised all the clothing of the Arab jockey; and the powerful bit of the country was the only article of equipment of the horse he bestrode. Thus simply accoutred, at a signal given, these half-naked savages set off at full speed, each giving a shout to animate his horse. They arrived like a team at the goal; the prize was adjudged to an Ethiopian slave. The scene was highly animated and interesting, though we had neither splendid equipages, nor fair ladies to grace our sports; but what we lost in splendour and beauty, we gained in novelty; and though, when occasionally gazing on some wearer of gaudy silks, the bright smile of woman did not repay our curiosity, we almost forgot the disappointment in beholding the animated countenance of a turbaned Turk, who, bearded to the eyes, would be seen scampering past us with jereed in hand, to challenge a comrade to the contest; and, spurred on by his favourite amusement, would lay aside the gravity of the divan, in the all-exhilarating air of the desert.

"Such an exhibition was amusingly set off by the performances of our shipmates. Every youngster of the Alligator had provided himself with a horse, and, as much at home here as on Southampton Downs, was to be seen scampering across the desert on Arabs, scarcely broke. One of these, zealous for the honour of his cloth, challenged me to ride a race with him: off we both set in gallant style, but in his anxiety to get to windward of 'the soldier officer,' he ran foul of a comrade, whom he capsised, as well as himself, at the same moment; the palm was consequently adjudged to me, though my rival competitor swore 'he should certainly have won, if the lubber had not come athwart his hawse!'"

They also witnessed a betrothment between two Armenians, who had never seen each other:

"We were admitted into a long narrow apartment, fitted up in the Turkish style, where we found, seated with their backs to the wall, fifty Armenian ladies, who rose on our approach. At the top of the room was the *nishgun*, or betrothing present, consisting of a bottle of rose-water, sugar-candy, and oranges covered with gold leaf; over the *nishaun* were thrown two or three embroidered scarfs. The Armenian bishop, accompanied by two priests, now entered the room, carrying wax-candles, ornamented with gold-leaf. Their dress was simple and uniform, being merely loose black robes, clasped in front with a small silver crucifix. Their heads were shaved, with the exception of the crown, thus completely reversing the mode of tonsure practised by the Roman Catholic clergy. An officiating priest brought in a glass of wine, over which the bishop waved the crucifix, and dropped in a diamond ring. Chapters from the Old and New Testament were then chanted by the bishop and priests.

"This ceremony of betrothing only takes place when the parties are at a distance from each other. In this instance, the *nishaun* and ring are to be forwarded to the betrothed at Bashin. When the ceremony was over, we retired to another room to dine. Among a great variety of dishes, I recognized many of those mentioned in the Arabian Nights in the imaginary feast of Hindbad the Porter, with the merry Barmecide Lord.

"After dinner one of our party proposed the health of the bride elect, which was drank with 'three times three,' to the astonishment of our host, who did not know what to make of our noisy civilities; but as we were rulers of the feast we had it all our own way, and amused ourselves with joking the future bridegroom on the fertile subject of matrimony. In this we were joined by his relations, while the subject of our merriment sate blushing and smiling with all becoming modesty. In the course of the evening, one of the relations sang a song, with a loud nasal twang, to our national air of 'God save the King.'

"In the midst of this revelry, attracted by the sounds of music, we stole on to a terrace, where we found all the ladies assembled. They were dancing in a circle with a slow measured step, with their little fingers linked together. This dance is the Romaic, which I have myself frequently danced in the Ionian Islands, and which is accurately described by Lord Byron:—

‘ A group of Grecian girls,
The first and tallest her white kerchief waving,
Were strung together like a row of pearls,
Linked hand in hand and dancing.’

"Two very pretty girls, with their hair neatly plaited down their backs, then danced a *pas de deux*. The step, though slow, was not deficient in grace. The females that we saw were handsome. Their hair, from the straggling specimens which escaped from out the handkerchief, appeared to be generally of a beautiful auburn. Of their figures, no correct opinion could be formed, from the disadvantageous shape of a dress consisting of loose quilted robes, open in the front, so as to leave the chest quite exposed, and a large scarf tied negligently about the hips.

"As the evening advanced, we Europeans took share in the performances in a merry reel, to the music of the drum and fife of the marines. After this, we witnessed the curious ceremony of a Turk and a Jew dancing together, to celebrate the betrothment of a Christian—a circumstance remarkable in a country so distinguished for religious rancour to those of a different persuasion. The exhibition was truly pantomimic and highly entertaining, as it served to contrast the bustling activity of the European with the steady demeanour of the Asiatic. The dance was meant to represent a fight for a fair lady. It commenced with divers gliding movements, and at last ended in an open-handed sparring match, in which both turbans were discomposed: not so the gravity of the wearers, who, during the dance, which lasted upwards of a quarter of an hour, moved not a muscle of their features. At a late hour we retired to rest, attended by a numerous host of servants carrying linen lanterns, which, reflecting on the mingled group of Europeans and Asiatics, had a very picturesque appearance; so, not having, like the inhabitants, the fear of a halter before our eyes for keeping late hours, we placed the drummer and fifer in the van, and returned to the factory singing and dancing all the way, our sounds of merriment breaking in upon the dead silence of the streets."

Determined to visit the celebrated city of Bagdad, our travellers hired an Arab boat, and an Arab guard, and proceeded up the Euphrates:

"Leaving the Euphrates to the west, we proceeded up the Tigris, where we soon found ourselves in a current running between six and seven knots an hour, which fully proved to us the appropriate name of Teer (arrow), which the ancient Persians gave to this river on account of the rapidity of its course.

"Two miles above Koorna, the plantations of date trees, which had hitherto covered the banks, ceased, and the country on both sides was overflowed. We landed in the afternoon on the west bank to shoot, and walked several miles; the ground was very wet, and the state of the vegetation indicated little fertility. This destitute place, which is called Il Jezeerah (The Island), is generally held to be the seat of Paradise. If such be the case, it certainly is not what the garden of our first parents is described to have been. Only a few shrubs have been visible since we left the vicinity of Koorna. The whole country is a dead flat; and so much flooded in many parts, that we could hardly pass through it. The few dry patches of soil were covered with salt.

"If the present barren appearance of this spot be the only reason for rejecting it as the site of Paradise, the same objection would apply to the surrounding district, which, though now a sandy desert, has been celebrated for the richness of its soil. Pliny calls it the most fertile of the East (*solum Orientis fertilissimum*), and who does not remember the vivid descriptions, in the Arabian Nights, of the delightful gardens of Bagdad and Balsora?

"Half an hour before sunset we arrived at a village of wandering Arabs. One of the men, a wild-looking savage, on seeing us approach, ran forwards in a frantic manner, and, throwing down his turban at our feet, fiercely demanded Buxis (a present.) He was made to replace his turban, but continued screaming as if distracted. This fellow's noise, and our appearance, soon collected a crowd of men, women, and children; the greater number had evidently never seen an European before. The men advanced close to us with aspects far from friendly. The commander of our guard expressed a wish that we should not enter the village; but so ardent was our curiosity in this our first interview with the Arabs of the desert, that we disregarded his advice. Seeing us resolved, he let us have our

own way; but would not allow any of the people to approach, being doubtful of their intentions towards us.

"The village was a collection of about fifty mat huts, with pent roofs, from thirty to sixty feet long. The frame of the huts somewhat resembled the ribs of a ship inverted. It was formed of bundles of reeds tied together; the mat covering was of the leaves of the date tree. An old Mussulman tomb stands on a mound at the south end of the village, and is the only building in which any other material than reed and date-leaves have been employed."

"The scene to us was of the most lively interest. Around us, as far as the eye could reach, was a trackless desert; to our left was the rude village of the wanderers, and immediately in the foreground were their primitive inhabitants, unchanged, probably, in dress, customs, or language, since the time of the 'wild man,' Ishmael, their ancestor. There was little variety in the dress of the men—a large brown shirt with open sleeves, extending to the knee, and bound round the loins with a leathern girdle, formed their principal, and sometimes only habiliment; a few wore the handkerchief or turban. They were armed either with long spears or massive clubs. The dress of the females was also a loose shirt, but not being bound at the waist, it left the person considerably exposed. Some of the women had rings in their noses, others wore necklaces of silver coins, and the hair of several of the girls was divided into long plaits, and completely studded with coins: they were all more or less tattooed on the face, hands, and feet, and some were marked on the ankles with punctures resembling the clock of a stocking.

"This village is called Goomruk, and its inhabitants are notorious robbers."

These wandering tribes of the desert are all robbers by profession:

"March 11.—At nine in the morning, we passed a station called Munjummil, from an Arab Sheikh of that name, which, from the time of Ishmael, has been the general origin of names borne by different places in these countries.

"We have not met with any habitations that could be considered permanent, nor any formed of more substantial materials than mats and reeds. The liability to inundations, and the habits of these wanderers, would prevent them from erecting buildings which could not be moved.

"We passed in succession on the right bank, the usual station of Thuyh II Swyah, and Mohumud Abool Hassan, Arab chiefs of note.

"We saw numerous encampments of Arabs on both sides, all of whom, as our boat approached, loudly demanded who we were. We always answered them by mentioning the name of Mohumud, a powerful sheikh of the Montefeeh tribe, whose protection our boatmen claim. This question was repeated night and day, and men frequently started up in the jungle, where neither habitations nor any appearance of population were observable.

"We were given to understand, that a boat was in no danger of being attacked when any number of Arabs were collected on the banks, as there was then no premeditated intention of robbery, but when only one or two made their appearance, there was reason to suspect that the remainder of the gang were at no great distance; and we frequently observed that Aboo Nasir and the boatmen were always more on the alert on these occasions. Indeed, the circumstance of our boat having to make its way against a rapid and tortuous stream, through a treeless desert, gave to robbers, who might be disposed to molest us, a great facility of observation, as well as ample time to make every necessary preparation for attack. Jeremiah alludes to this mode of lying in ambush, in his denunciation against the wickedness of Judah. 'In the ways hast thou sat for them, as the Arabian in the wilderness.'

"At two, p. m., off Chesheff. Here we fell in, for the first time, with the Illyauts, another description of wandering Arabs. Instead of the mat huts we had before seen, they occupied black tents, probably of the same description as those of their earliest ancestors. We have a curious illustration of this in the Songs of Solomon, where his bride compares the blackness of her complexion to the tents of Kedar.

"We made frequent visits to these encampments, which were all extremely

wretched. The tents were about six feet long and three high, and brought strongly to mind the habitations of the English gipsies. A large stud of blood horses were grazing near the tents, which being well cased in body cloths, formed a curious contrast with the miserable appearance of the Illyauts themselves."

Every village has its buffoon, and the desert can furnish a dandy:

"His turban and robes were adjusted with the greatest neatness, his eyelids were stained with antimony, two or three rings graced each finger, and he conversed with an air of the most amusing puppyism."

"Shortly afterwards, we came upon some extensive ruins on the left bank of the river, which we landed to examine: indeed, from hence to Bagdad, this now desert tract bears the marks of having once been covered with large and populous cities. Previous to entering upon a description of this place, a few general observations are necessary respecting the appearance of all ruins of this once populous region.

"The soil of ancient Assyria and Babylonia consists of a fine clay, mixed with sand, with which, as the waters of the river retire, the shores are covered. This compost, when dried by the heat of the sun, becomes a hard and solid mass, and forms the finest material for the beautiful bricks for which Babylon was so celebrated. We all put to the test the adaptation of this mud for pottery, by taking some of it while wet from the bank of the river, and then moulding it into any form we pleased. Having been exposed to the sun for half an hour, it became as hard as stone. These remarks are important, as the indication of buildings throughout this region are different from those of other countries, the universal substitution of brick for stone being observable in all the numerous ruins we visited, including those of the great cities of Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and of the mighty Babylon herself, for which we have the authority of Scripture, that her builders 'had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar.'"

Bagdad has been too often described to render any details, respecting this celebrated city, necessary. The streets are filthy and narrow, and the magnificent ideas we form of the buildings, from oriental romance, have no foundation in reality; even the gardens on the banks of the Tigris, though fruitful, are very uninviting. The author of the Arabian Nights has sadly deceived his readers.

Our travellers visited the ruins of Babylon, respecting which we have the following remarks from Captain Keppel:

"The place in question is still called Babel by the natives of the country. The traditions of Oriental writers, and those of the neighbouring Arabs, assign the highest antiquity to the ruins. The accounts given by ancient authors agree with the Oriental traditions. The appearance of the place answers the description given by those authors, and the position agrees in the relative distance of Babylon from other great cities: the city of Seleucia, for instance, to the north-east, and that of Is to the north-west. The ruins seen by me correspond with all ancient accounts, both in their geographical relation to Babylon, and to the peculiar description of building. The appearance of the fallen city is precisely that which the divine writings predict Babylon should exhibit after her downfall. The geographical accounts convince me, that Babylon could not have stood elsewhere than on the spot I visited; and the prodigious remains are conclusive evidence, that they could have belonged to no other city.

"The next point for consideration is, the reason why greater remains of Babylon are not to be found? Remembering the circumstances under which this city was built, there will be no difficulty in accounting for the deficiency. It is the vast size of Babylon, and not the want of durability in its materials, that ought to excite our wonder. I have before stated, on the authority of Scripture, that the builders of Babylon substituted 'bricks for stone, and slime for mortar,' a peculiarity which is mentioned by Herodotus, and various ancient authors; and I have also remarked on the ready adaptation of the wet mud on the banks of the river for the making of bricks. When we consider the sandy nature of the soil on

which Babylon stood, the perishable materials of which the city was composed, and the many large cities that have been built of the ruins; when it is remembered, that workmen have been constantly employed in removing the bricks; that for two thousand years the ruins have been subject to the operations of the weather, and that in consequence of the Euphrates periodically overflowing its banks, they are for two months of every year in a state of inundation;—we ought the rather to be surprised, that such vast masses should have withstood so many concurrent causes for total extinction. From these circumstances, I take it for granted, that all the ordinary buildings are crumbled into dust, and that only the remains of the largest exist.

“Whoever has seen the mud habitations of an eastern city, will readily accede to this suggestion. If any further argument were wanting, the fact mentioned by Diodorus Siculus, that the greater portion of the place within the walls was ploughed up in his time, would be, in my opinion, conclusive evidence.

“After stating upon what grounds I rest my belief in the identity of these ruins, it is fair to add, that our party, in common with other travellers, have totally failed in discovering any traces of the city walls.”

The mounds, which are yet standing, afford asylums to wild animals. So true have been the predictions of the Prophet, that “wild beasts of the desert should lie there; that their houses should be full of doleful creatures; that wild beasts of the desert should cry in their doleful houses.”* Speaking of the Tower of Babel, which stands six miles SW. from Hillah, our author says:

“Wild beasts appeared to be as numerous here as at the Mujillebè. Mr. Lamb gave up his examination, from seeing an animal crouched in one of the square apertures. I saw another in a similar situation, and the large foot-print of a lion was so fresh that the beast must have stolen away on our approach. From the summit we had a distinct view of the vast heaps which constitute all that now remains of ancient Babylon; a more complete picture of desolation could not well be imagined. The eye wandered over a barren desert, in which the ruins were nearly the only indications that it had ever been inhabited. It was impossible to behold this scene and not to be reminded how exactly the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled, even in the appearance Babylon was doomed to present: that she should ‘never be inhabited;’ that ‘the Arabian should not pitch his tent there;’ that she should ‘become heaps;’ that her cities should be ‘a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness!’”†

In the beginning of April, our travellers left Bagdad, and proceeded towards the Persian frontier, and, on the 12th, they passed the famous Diald:

“On regaining the road, we arrived at the lowest range of the Hamerine Mountains: having so long been accustomed to traverse a dead flat, we were much gratified at being relieved from the usual monotony of our march, though the change was only from desert plains to barren hills.

“This chain of mountains, which formerly separated the empires of Assyria and Media, was called Mount Zagros, and, distinctly marking the limits of these once splendid rivals, seemed to form a kind of neutral barrier between them. The chain, commencing in Armenia, and extending to the Persian Gulf, may still be considered as fixing the boundaries of the same countries, distinguished in modern language as Arabian and Persian Irak.

“It will doubtless be remembered, that the mountains of Curdistan have, from time immemorial, been inhabited by wandering tribes, who, though formerly in the immediate vicinity of Media and Assyria, led, unawed by their civilized neighbours, a lawless, predatory life. This people, who, beyond a doubt, formed one of the tribes of Ishmael, are mentioned in the Carduchi by Xenophon, who had good reason to remember them, from the reception they gave him, and the

* Isaiah, chap. xiii. ver. 21, 22.

† Jer. chap. li. ver. 37, 43.

ten thousand Greeks, after the memorable battle of Canaxa. In the more modern appellation of Coords, they have, during a lapse of ages, been always observed to adhere to the predatory habits of their progenitors, whenever their turbulent spirit brought them forward in the page of history. The Emperor Saladin, himself a Coord, from his contest with our forefathers in the chivalrous days of the crusades, has left behind him a name that must be familiar to every one."

They subsequently visited the tents of some of these banditti:

"The tents of these Coords were ranged in one long street, and disposed as booths at a fair: there appeared to be abundance of cattle, but arranged in no kind of order; horses, cows, and sheep, being indiscriminately mixed with men, women, and children. We were shown into a spacious tent. A carpet was spread for us, on a raised platform about three feet high, where, after taking off our capacious red travelling-boots, we were desired to seat ourselves in the manner most convenient. A breakfast of warm milk, eggs, and bread, was placed before us; and the whole camp turned out to see the Ferunghees at their meal, which, to amuse them, we ate in the English fashion.

"Delighted as all around us appeared to be with the novelty of our costume, we were not less gratified than they, in beholding the varied group of heads, forming an amphitheatre in front of us; the children standing in the foreground, behind them the women, and, towering over all, the bearded faces of the men, exhibiting a collection of countenances lighted up with a variety of expression, in which curiosity was predominant.

"Our hosts talked much of the excellent sporting the mountains afforded. I asked them if they busied themselves much in cultivating the land; to which they replied, that they only tilled just sufficient for their own immediate wants. Mr. Hamilton's servant, Mohumud Ali, who never lost an opportunity of becoming the spokesman, finished the sentence by saying, 'What do they care for cultivation, when their principal trade is robbery?' a remark to which the Coords smilingly nodded assent."

Who would expect a living Venus among such a horde:

"Our attention to the general group was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a young female, about seventeen years of age, whom we thought the most beautiful woman we had ever seen. She was leaning against the pole of the tent, with her head supported by her left arm, and was gazing at us with the most fixed attention: her jet black hair flowed about her in unconfined luxuriance; the brilliancy of her eyes, heightened by the dark stain of the *surmeh*, seemed rivetted with a curiosity not the less gratifying to us, from knowing that we excited it; her half-closed mouth displayed teeth of the most regular form and perfect whiteness. Her person, almost entirely exposed by the opening of her loose shirt (the only covering she wore), displayed a form of the most perfect symmetry: no sculptor could do justice to such a model."

On approaching Kermanshah they were met by several Europeans, among whom were two French military officers, *now* in the service of Persia. They behaved with the utmost kindness and politeness to Captain Keppel and his party:

"As mention has been incidentally made of the pursuits of these officers, it may not be amiss to state a fact, perhaps not generally known, that a number of military men, of different nations of Europe, are at this moment wandering over Asia, offering their services to the Asiatic princes. Seven or eight European officers were at one time employed in this remote province (Kermanshah), the greater part of whom are now dispersed over the East. To what point they have shaped their course, Messrs. Court and De Veaux could give us no account, though of themselves, their past history, and their future prospects, they scrupled not to talk in the most unreserved manner. They had at one time, they said, intended to have gone up the Indus, for the purpose of offering their services to an Indian prince, who, they understood, wanted European officers to conduct his forces

against the English; but they had been induced to abandon their design on hearing of the great impediments likely to be thrown in their way by our Indian government."

The following is too instructive an illustration of the way in which despots *progress* to be omitted:

"April 26.—The French officers accompanied us this morning on horseback, to make a survey of the town. We were attended by a considerable number of servants, armed with sticks, who led us through a succession of narrow streets, and at length brought us into the bazaar, which was at that time exceedingly crowded: here we were shocked to observe the use to which these batons were applied. Whenever our progress was in the least impeded by the crowd, the servants called out, 'Make way for the gentlemen!' and enforced their desire with the unremitting application of the stick, regardless of whom they struck, or where the blows fell. As we had reason to believe that this barbarous ceremony of Oriental despotism was intended as a compliment to us, we earnestly begged that the practice might be dispensed with on our account, as we could not but feel distressed at being the innocent instruments of such wanton barbarity. Our hosts ridiculed our scruples, upon the plea that it was the custom of the country, and our precursors continued to belabour the nnresisting multitude as before. In the course of the ride, our consequence suffered a slight interruption. In turning one of the corners of the bazaar, we came suddenly on the retinue of the young Prince Tamas (Thomas) Meerza, governor of Hamadun, and a brother of Mohumud-Hosein Meerza, who were pursuing the same measures to clear the way for his Highness; but so blind was the zeal of our lictors for the consequence of their masters, that the presence of royalty failed to arrest their attention, and the foremost of the Prince's attendants were favoured by a few marks of their unsparing regard. Our servants were thunderstruck on discovering their error: but our manifestations of respect to the Prince superseded the necessity of an explanation. The passengers enjoyed a momentary truce from this rencontre; the operation of clubs on both sides were suspended for the time; but the parties had no sooner got clear of each other, than hostilities upon the unfortunate crowd were again commenced with redoubled vigour."

Intolerance is as strong here as among the orange rabble in Ireland:

"The Rabbi informed us that the number of his people amounted to four hundred houses. The tombs of Mordecai and Esther are cherished here, amidst their misery; and the expectation of the promised Messiah is the hope that enables them to sustain the load of oppression which would be otherwise insupportable.

"Every circumstance connected with the state of the Jews of this place is of important interest. Ecbatana is mentioned in Scripture as one of the cities in which the Jews were placed at the time of the captivity, and it is possible that the present inhabitants may be the descendants of the tribe who occupied the city under the Babylonian yoke.

"While our interest was strongly excited by this account of a scattered remnant of Israel, the chief of the Armenians came with an offering of two large flasks of wine, which this Eastern Christian had brought to insure a favourable reception from his more fortunate brethren. His detail was equally affecting with that of the Rabbi; here the unbelieving Jew and Christian dog are alike subject to the oppression of the intolerant Mussulman."

Our author and Mr. Hamilton next proceed to Teheraun, the capital of Persia:

"May 23.—We accompanied Major Willock this morning on a visit to Meerza Abool Hassan Khan, the late Persian Ambassador to the English Court. This gentleman is more portly than he was in London, and may be said to have grown fat on the pension which the India Company has granted him—for what services the Meerza probably knows as little as any one else; for, if common re-

port be true, there are few men more hostile to our interests than himself. Notwithstanding all this, he is a very agreeable companion, and received us with much politeness.

"After smoking a pipe in the common hall of audience, the Meerza conducted us into one of the rooms of his harem. The women had been previously warned to withdraw themselves; but, whether by accident or from design, one or two lingered so long that we had a good view of their faces. They wore large turbans, and one of them seemed a pretty girl. The room we now entered partook of the European and Asiatic styles. The walls were hung with prints, which, for the honour of my own country, I am glad to say were not English. If the Meerza speak true, he has not been unsuccessful with the English ladies; if not, their civilities to him have been shamefully misrepresented.

They next had an interview with his Persian majesty, which was particularly uninteresting :

"The dress of the modern Persian has undergone so complete a change, that much resemblance to the ancient costume is not to be expected; still there are some marks of decoration, which remind one of the ancient monarchs. The eyelids of the king, stained with surmeh, brought to our recollection the surprise of the young and hardy Cyrus, when he viewed for the first time a similar embellishment in his effeminate uncle, Astyges; and in that extraordinary chapter of Ezekiel, wherein Jerusalem is reproached for her imitation of Babylonian manners, the prophet alludes to this custom, when he says, 'Thou paintedst thine eyes.'"

"A bracelet, consisting of a ruby and emerald, worn by the king on his arm, is a mark of ancient sovereignty. It will be recollected that the Amelkites brought David the bracelet found on Saul's arm, as a proof of his rank; and Herodotus mentions a bracelet of gold as a present from Cambyses, King of Persia, to the King of Ethiopia.

"I must not omit the mention of a circumstance connected with our interview, as it illustrates a piece of etiquette at the court of a despotic monarch. A few minutes before we were presented, we observed two men carrying a long pole and a bundle of sticks towards the audience chamber. Curiosity led us to ask the Meerza what was the meaning of this. 'That machine,' said he, 'is the bastinado; it is for you, if you misbehave. Those men are carrying it to the king, who never grants a private audience without having it by him, in case of accidents.' The pole we saw was about eight feet long: when the punishment is inflicted, the culprit is thrown on his back, his feet are secured by cords bound round the ankles, and made fast to the pole with the soles uppermost; the pole is held by a man at both ends, and two men, one on each side, armed with sticks, strike with such force that the toe-nails frequently drop off. This punishment is inflicted by order of the king upon men of the highest rank, generally for the purpose of extorting money. If Persia was not so fond of illustrating the use of this emblem of power, she would have as much right to the 'Bastinado,' as we have to the 'Black Rod.'"

Our author, having stopped a short time at Tabriz, proceeded alone towards the Russian frontier, and, after a most fatiguing journey through Tartar countries, arrived safe at the capital of Russia, and soon after landed on his native shores.

TALES OF LOW LIFE, BY THOS. FURLONG.

NO. IV.

THE ORANGEMAN.

"No help,—no hope,—no joy for me!"

The drooping mother cried;

"Why was I left through life to pine,
Where none around give word, or sign
Of feeling or of sympathy?

Why, when I lost my only pride,
Why liv'd I when my William died?"

"Poor soul!" said I, "thy words are wild,—
Thy looks are strange and sad."

"It was not always so," said she;

I once could join in others' glee,

I once could smile when others smil'd,

But grief has made me mad.

My boy!—my boy!—my darling child!—

To see him by their bayonets fall,

And get no justice after all;

A curse upon the Orange crew,—

Curse on the purple and the blue.

I weep, though two long years have pass'd,

Since my poor William breath'd his last.

"I heard the drum—I heard the fife,

I mark'd not what they play'd,

Till near me, arm'd for feud and strife,

In orange and in blue array'd,

With flags preserv'd from days long gone,

The grinning yeomanry walk'd on.

"Fresh were their knots of purple hue,

The wearers all look'd gay,—

The ugly tune struck up again;

I listen'd for a time,—and then,

By what they play'd, I quickly knew,

It was their walking day:

That bitter fife—that drowsy drum,

Told that July the Twelfth was come.

"And shouts arose and signs went round,—

Mischief was in each eye;

My boy and I had walk'd along,

We ventur'd through that noisy throng.

I saw that William turn'd and frown'd,

I bade him pass them by;

We pass'd,—by laugh and jibe assail'd,

We pass'd from 'midst our foes;

We went where holier thoughts prevail'd,

Where gentler sounds arose;

Calmly upon our way we trod,—

We sought in peace the house of God.

"We reach'd our little chapel soon,

We knelt as mass went on—

The yeomen play'd their ugly tune—

Close by the chapel door they play'd;

We blam'd them for the noise they made,

And wish'd that they were gone:

The Orangeman.

Oh! many wish'd it, but in vain,—
They play'd it o'er and o'er again.

“ The bell rang out,—the sacred host
The priest had rais'd on high,
Throughout the place the pressing crowd,
In reverential homage bow'd.
But in that hour, rever'd the most
By every soul assembled there,
What met each outrag'd ear and eye,
When all were bent in silent prayer?
The ribbon'd ruffians ventur'd in,
And dar'd their mockery to begin,
By beating up each filthy air,
And laughing loud at all they saw,
At all that we beheld with awe.

“ Close by the door my William knelt,—
His colour went and came;
I trembled, for I saw and felt
That anger shook his frame.
Just at his side the drummer stood,
And loud that drummer play'd;
My boy did bear it as he could,
He bore the noise he made.
At last one sound, more loud than all,
Did crown the wild uproar:—
My William rose,—I saw his hand
Stretch'd forth to dare that taunting band!
I saw the scoffing drummer fall
Beside him on the floor!
What followed next, can I recall?
Oh, heavens! I must remember all!

“ I mark'd the bayonets as they shone!
I heard a ruffian cry,
‘ Here's one that will not flinch or start,—
Here's for the sneaking Papist's heart!’
I heard my William's parting groan,—
I stood and saw him die!
I saw his murderers march away,
Pleas'd with their frolic of the day.

“ Then, start not, if my words are wild,—
What words can woe supply?
I know the murderers of my child!—
I see the gang with blood defil'd!—
I meet them,—see them every day,—
They boldly cross me on my way,
And swear as they pass by.
No justice here will juries give;
But let me try in hope to live,—
Let me my cause to heaven resign,—
Aye! ‘ Vengeance, saith the Lord, is mine!’ ”

TRADITIONARY TALES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. HI.

THE FOUR-LEAFED SHAMROCK.

TALK of foreign aid and steam-boats, indeed! Faith, Ireland don't want them at all, for she has a snug little army of some five hundred thousand of her own; cozy and warm, well armed and well mounted, under the Black-Stairs, and only just waiting for the word of command to gallop forth, and emancipate the country! Only think of that, Mr. Plunkett, and don't be after filing an *ex-officio* against me; for, sooner than lie two or three years in Newgate, I would deliver up my authority for the fact: and troth it's no other than Kit Kavanagh himself, the queerest fellow in the whole county Carlow, and who is, beside, lineally descended from the celebrated M'Murchad O'Kavanagh, who makes so fine a figure on horse-back without a saddle, in the rude embellishment of Froissard.

I think it was in the year 1812, that I paid a visit to the good, kind, pious, but eccentric Dr. Staunton,* of Carlow College; and I put up at an hotel in Tullow Street, kept by one Cullen (I believe), who had a smart house, a pretty garden, and still more pleasing daughters. One of the latter had a pair of roguish eyes that, doubtless, have done execution before this time o'day; and heaven knows what they might have made me do, only she chanced to mention, in the first ten minutes' conversation, something about the well of St. Lasarien. The Well of St. Lasarien! Whereabouts is it? Why, quite close to one end of the old church at Old Leighlin; and Miss Cullen and her mother were going there on the following day, to get (the latter only) *cured* of the dropsy.

Early next morning the college gate was opened for me by a little withered old man, not much bigger nor taller than a full-grown Luprechaun; and, in ten minutes after, there was nothing to prevent me from proceeding to the holy well. The road from Carlow to Leighlin is one of the most agreeable in Ireland; and, though the *old* town lies up in the mountains, the place is not devoid of picturesque beauty: and, to tell the truth, there is little else charming about it but the view. Part of the Queen's County was seen to the north-west, and sliev-bloom mountains were easily enough distinguished in the distance, while, nearer home, the white-washed villas of the more fortunate inhabitants of Carlow seemed to repose happily in the morning gloom of Black Stairs and Mount Leinster, which yet partially intercepted the sun's first rays. As yet there were but few collected about the holy fountain; a pilgrim who made a living by the exhibition of a horribly lacerated leg, and an old woman in a tattered red cloak, were all I found in attendance. The man of beads and beard was relaxing on a green bank, and ever and anon raised a glass, the bottom of which was composed of wood, to his lips; and,

* The doctor's eccentricity continued to the last. When on his death-bed, a particular favourite of his—and he had but few favourites—the Rev. Mr. Doyle, of Liffey-Street Chapel, Dublin, paid him a visit: "What brought you to Carlow?" was the doctor's first interrogation. "To see you, doctor;" was the reply. "Then you had very little to do," rejoined the expiring divine; "don't you think I can die without you?" and he averted his head, refusing to hold further conversation with one of his most esteemed pupils.

ere she of the red cloak replenished it, an old stocking was carefully unfolded, and some talisman drawn from its many-ribbed folds, which had the quality of uncorking a green bottle that stood upon a white cross-legged table, adorned with jugs and jars, naggins and noggins.

"Eh then, sur," inquired the vender of potheen, making a low courtesy, "may be you'd give me *hansel* this mornin' afore the pathern begins; troth 'tis real Parliament, an' your honour is too fine a lookin' gintleman, God bless you, to be a guager like."

My reply to her indirect quere seemed to give her no small satisfaction, inasmuch as it did away with all apprehension respecting her illicit wares; and, though I refused to swallow any of her highly recommended potations, she did not hesitate to answer my inquiries regarding Leighlin and the Well of St. Lasarien. Our conversation, however, was soon interrupted by the presence of a fourth person, who, disdaining the legitimate entrance by the stile, sprang actively over the quickset ditch, and, doffing his *felt*, popped down upon one knee, near a newly-made grave, where he continued for about five minutes, perpetrating an *Ave-Marie*, and then, hurriedly blessing himself, stood up and approached us.

"Arrah, bad luck to ye, Judy aroo!" said he, "but you are here early any how. Come now, give us a *corn crake*."

"Eh then, an' I will," said Judy, "an' thanky for axen, Mr. Kavanagh."

"*Slanthava ma boughal*," said Mr. Kavanagh to the pilgrim; and then, elevating the remnant of a glass within an inch of his mouth, he nodded at me with "Yur sarvice, sir," and dropped the *aqua pura* into the gaping aperture, which, like the gnome in the Oriental tale, seemed to cry "More!" (this simile, by the way, is not my own) as Kavanagh smacked his lips, closed his eyes, and betrayed the other indications of a gratified tippler.

"Oh, then!" said he, averting his eyes towards the grave at which he so recently knelt, "there yeu lie, Luke Larkin, in yur could bed this day, an' may I never do an ill turn if Kit Kavanagh ever had an honest nor betther comrade; troth, poor fellow, he was the good warrant to stand by a boy when other spalpeens would run away like hares, an' hide themselves, for fear of a broken head, or the like o' that. Poor Luke! the Lord be merciful to his sowl in glory."

"Eh then, I say amen, Kit;" said Judy, "but is't true that he found a four-leafed shamrock?"

"Troth an' it is true enough, Judy alannah, an' a sorrowful doin' 'twas for 'imself."

Here I drew nearer to Kit, and soon prevailed upon him to sit down with me on a green bank, and relate the misfortunes of Luke Larkin, who found the four-leafed shamrock. The pilgrim, too, lent a willing ear, and Judy stood abstracted with her arms across, devouring the narration.

"Luke's father, you must know," said Kit, "was a decent farmer as any who frequented Carlow on a market-day; an', bein' a pious man to boot, he intended his son for the church, an' had 'im taught Latin an' Greek, an' Lord knows what, though, betune ourselves, 'twas a mortual sin aginst the Holy Ghost to think of makin' a preest of 'im. Oh! man alive, he was as darhin young fellow as you'd see at a hurlin'; an' could play ball bether nor e'er a man in

the barony. He an' I were always together; an' it went to me heart when he entered college; for thinks I to meself, he'll be sayin' nothin' by an' by to me, but 'Kit, honey, mind yeur sowl, and don't be afther runnin' yeurself gallavanten about the country, dancin' an' sportin'.'"

"Well, aroon, poor Luke didn't like college no more nor meself, for Doctor Staunton is a very quere kind of a man entirely; he feeds all his own mutton, an', what's worse, never eats it till it creeps, seavin' your presence; an' then he used to sit at the head o' th' table, an' when full 'imself, would tap the plate, an' make 'em all give up, though nabay as hungry as hounds. Well become Luke, however, he used to get at the marrow when the doctor's head was turned, by makin' one o' the students hold his knife underneath the bone, while he cracked it wid another; an' that set the docthor mad, while it made all the collegians laugh, like so many minagowers. Troth, poor Luke then was the life an' sowl o' the place, an' every one o' the students loved 'im as if he was their born brother.

"One day the *mate* was—oh! terrible!—no Christian could eat it—an' one student looked at another, but they were all afraid to budge, or look a yard afore 'em, except me poor Luke, who stuck his fork into the leg o' mutton as a man would stick his pitch-fork into a cock o' hay;—he marches up to the head o' the table, where the docthor was sittin'. 'Plaze your reverence,' ses he, for Luke knew what manners was, 'is this fit for people to eat?' 'What ails it, yeu blaggard?' sed the docthor, 'tis betther nor ever you got at yur father's table.' An' as Luke knew well what to say for 'imself, he gave tit for tat, an' behold yeu next day he was expelled, as they call it: that is, he was turned holus-bolus out ov college, an' never, from that day to the hour of his death, darkened its doers (doors) agin.

"When he came home 'twas all hubbabub; his father thought his family scandalized for ever; an' the neighbours, God forgive 'em, whispered somethin' about Luke that he didn't deserve; for the *râle* cause of his leavin' college was nothin' in the wide world, as I tould you afore, but the stinkin' leg o' mutton. Poor Luke was sorrowful an' broken-hearted enough, as well he might, an' used to spend his time gropin' about the ditches, till one day what should he find in a three-cornered field but a four-leafed shamrock! At first he thought nothin' at all about it, an' ony sowed it up carefully in the waistband of his breeches, an' soon forgot he had it at all. Shortly afther this, as God would have it, ould Larkin died; an', havin' no son but one, Luke came in for the farm. There war, you may be sure, great givens out at the *birn*; an' afore the corpse was har'ly could, poor Luke came, one moon-shiny night, to pray over his father's grave, an' hadn't been long here neather, when, what should he see comin' over the stile beyond, but hundreds ov the 'good people.' Half frightened out o' his life, he ran a-hind a head-stone an' listened. 'What news?' sed one, 'Och the newest an' the best,' sed another, 'is, that Finvar is going to be married, an' that ould Larkin have died, an' left his hard earnins to his omudhaun ov a son, who coul'nt eat good mutton in college.'

"'Well, an' what o' that?' axed the first.

"'What ov that!' sed t'other, 'why I be bail we'll now get

plenty o' Larkin's corn, an' pork, an' bacon, an' every thing else in the house, for sure the young preest don't know how to take care ov it.'

" 'Bethershin,' sed Luke, from a-hind the head-stone, 'troth, an' I'll disappoint you, my chaps.' An' whin he came home, he set about makin' every thing as comfortable an' as snug as a beehive, an' turned out a most industrious man, ony now-an'-agin when he used to break out, an' the best ov us will do *that* sometimes.

" Luke was a great man for horses, an' had a most beautiful bay for sale, that would think nothin' of leapin' over a five-barred gate, wid a sixteen-stone man on his back. Hearin' that 'Squire Carew, down in the county Waxford, wanted a hunter, Luke mounts the *baste*, an' went to show him his horse. Whin he was crossin' Scolloghes-gap, where the *win'* blows in yur teeth whatever way you turn yur head, he met a gentleman eligantly mounted on a gray *entire*. 'Where a' you goin',' sed he. 'To Mr. Carew's,' sed Luke. 'What to do?' axed the gentleman. 'To strive to sell this *baste*,' sed Luke. 'What do yeu ax for 'im?' sed the gentleman. 'Fifty pounds,' sed Luke. 'Take forty,' sed the gentleman. 'No I won't,' sed Luke, an' rode his ways.

" It so happened that 'Squire Carew wasn't at home, an' Luke began to get sorry that he didn't take the forty pounds which the gentleman offered 'im; an' wished he could meet him agin; as he was passin' the gap comin' on the evenin'. Begad, the word wasn't well out ov his mouth [when who should be ridin' cheek be jowl wid 'im but the very gentleman he met in the mornin'. 'So, young man,' sed he, 'you have sowld the horse.'

" 'No, sir,' sed Luke.

" 'Well, an' will yeu take forty pounds now?' sed he.

" 'Troth, 'tis too little,' sed Luke, 'but if you'll give no more, why I had betther.'

" 'Very well,' sed the gentleman, 'come this way.' An' he led Luke down a most beautiful road, though no one ever saw a road there afore. At length they came to the gate ov a great town, an' the *sentries* let 'em pass widout axen a word, an' afther ridin' down through this street, an' up that street, they reached a huge buildin' as big, twenty times as big, as any castle you ever laid yeur two looken eyes upon. Within Luke found stables on every side, an' in every stall stood a horse ready saddled, an' beside 'im stood a horseman clothed in green, an' armed as if goin' to battle. What surprised Luke, none ov 'em ever turned round as he passed, or offered to say, 'God save you,' or 'Where are you goin'?' or any thing, but looked for all the world as if they war asleep; an' faith so they war, as you'll hear.

" Luke thought the gentleman was never goin' to stop, he kept goin' so far; an', by the light ov the lamps, he thought he couldn't have passed one soger less nor five or six hundred thousand, all standin' by their horses, an' fine horses they war, as any in the king's dominions. Atlength they stopped afore an empty rack an' manger; the gentleman bid 'im fasten his horse there, an' whin he had done so, bid 'im walk into a great grand room, where you could see yur face in the floor, 'twas so clean, an' every thing looked so grand; but no-thing pleased Luke so much as a beautiful sword that lay on the table.

‘Eh, then,’ said Luke, takin’ it up, ‘if I had but this in the year *ninety-eight*, how I’d have chopped off the heads ov the Orangemen,’ an’ he drew the blade out o’ the scabbard two inches, when, thunder and turf, you’d think twenty thousand bugles were sounded together. ‘Hollo!’ cried Luke, somewhat frightened, an’ he gave the sword another pluck, an’ had it almost out, when he heard the sogers all mountin’ at once, an’ wheelin’ their horses about in the stable.

“‘Here!’ cried the gintleman in a great flurry, ‘take an’ pay yourself;’ an’ he pointed to an inner room, where stood heaps of goold and silver. At the sight o’ the money Luke forgot the sword, an’ ran to fill his pockets.”

“Oh! the fool!” interrupted the pilgrim, “had he only pulled the sword out entirely, the whole army would have been freed from enchantment; an’ would be alive agin, to drive the Sassanachs out o’ the country.”

“Troth, I’ve hard so often an’ often,” sed Judy; “but Kit, honey, don’t think to go down our backs wid that story, for I hard it afore you or Luke Larkin was born.”

“Faith an’ may be so,” said Kit; “but Luke was there for all that: an’ next day, whin he went into town to get bank-notes for goold, what should he see but crowds o’ people runnin’ afther a play actor, who could perform slaight-o-hand tricks bekase he had sould ’imself to the ould boy, the wretch. The first thing he did was to make a cock drag along the street a great big deal plank, an’ the people really thought they saw the thing done afore ’em, for the fellow had put kippeens on their eyes; but Luke, havin’ the four-leaved shamrock* about ’im, couldn’t be deceived, an’ consequently saw nothin’ but a straw tied to the cock’s leg, and sed so to the juggler himself.

“‘You have got a four-leafed shamrock,’ sed he to Luke.

“‘Faith, an’ so I have,’ sed Luke, ‘though I had nearly forgot it.’

“‘I’ll give you a hundred guineas for it,’ ses he.

“‘You must have it,’ sed Luke, an’ steppin’ a one side, ripped it out o’ the waistband ov his small clothes, an’ gave it to the juggler for the hundred guineas; but had no sooner parted wid it, than he thought, like the others, that he saw the cock drag the deal plank along; an’ so the play actor made his fortune, bekase no one could then say he was a cheat.

“But poor Luke!” continued Kit, “havin’ now got so much money, thought it would never be day wid ’im, an’ accordinly grew a little too fond o’ the bottle, till it laid ’im where he is.”

The pilgrim seemed highly edified, but Judy was incredulous. The story, she said, was true enough; but it happened when her mother was a child. Kit only smiled in reply; and, seeing a tent or two raised on the side of the road, twirled his staff in his fingers and bounced over the stile. The pilgrim also withdrew, and I repaired to view the well. There were but few votaries, and I was surprised at the fact, for the place was calculated to beget devotion in an infidel.

* Whoever possesses a four-leafed shamrock is more than a match for the professors of the black art, and has, beside, the privilege of seeing the “good people,” whenever they appear, without becoming visible to the tiny tribe. It also confers many other advantages.

HOLLAND-TIDE.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Plunkett's absurd *ex-officio* has thrown some of our Irish friends in despair for the ultimate fate of their country, we willingly confess, our hopes on the subject were never more decided, or more sanguine. Her young blood is pure and patriotic; and the last and surest instrument of self-emancipation is actively employed in her behalf. The press puts forth its irresistible strength, and, though politics are all-engrossing, we question if the inquiries before the parliamentary committees have done, or will do, one fourth of the good some recent publications in the walks of fiction have and must effect. They are gilded pills, which the fashionable and the influential, the indolent and the powerful, swallow unreluctantly: and it is morally impossible, that even one of those fluttering variegated butterflies, who seek to kill ennui at Almack's, could lay down the works alluded to, without being fully persuaded that the wild Hibernians are deficient in that horrible appendage—a tail; and that, like themselves, they have got the powers of digestion, whatever the parson may say to the contrary, when he fattens—not himself, but his hogs, on the decimal portion of the fruits of their *con* acre. Those whose character amuses us, we love to see happy; we learn to sympathise with them: and, without going into the never-to-be-ended argument on the metaphysical tendency of pity, we think these publications are eminently calculated to bring the best portion of the English public—the fair and the learned—intimately acquainted with the state of Ireland.

Omitting, though we have evidently given a tone to Irish literature, all mention of ourselves, and our contributors—for we are exceedingly modest—we cannot allude to Mr. Banim, Mr. Croker, and the author of “To-Day in Ireland,” without demanding for them the applause and gratitude of their country; while, *en passant*, it is but justice to say that, next to the “great unknown,” they hold decidedly the first place in the republic of letters, as writers of fiction: and the author of “Holland-Tide,” with the privilege of genius, takes his place, *sans ceremonie*, by their side. Mr. Banim himself does not possess a greater consciousness of literary powers, and is not, certainly, better acquainted with what may be called rustic life in Ireland. Further it would not be just to carry the comparison; because the nature of the tales before us would not admit a delineation of those fiercer passions which Mr. Banim loves to portray, and which he exhibits so inimitably. There is in the work, however, an evidence of great talent, somewhat prone to humour, and certainly of a considerable and commanding grasp: our author's range of thought is extensive; his knowledge of human nature considerable; and his tale is evidently neither superficial nor incorrect.

The volume before us contains several tales: the first, “The Aylmers,” occupies rather more than half the volume, and, had the author done himself justice, it would have extended over many more pages. It wants, if we may so express it, fulness: too much is left to the reader's imagination. Still, it contains much fine writing; accurate descriptions of local manners and scenery: but the author

* London: Simpkin and Marshall, 1827. 8vo. pp. 378.

should have recollected, that thunder and lightning are rather rare phenomena, even in Kerry, on a frosty night in November; and that, even in Ireland, a man cannot be tried twice in a court of justice for the same offence. A knowledge of this latter fact destroys the interest the reader must otherwise have taken in the sufferings of *Cahill cruv-dharug*, and his lovely daughter. We must also apprise the author, that *Banethee* is the woman of the house, and not the warning sprite, known as the Banshee. We never knew the two names to have been confounded before; and a Kerry man, now by our elbow, assures us, that the "crying fairy wid the long bony arm is a banshee, and not a banathee, or banthee."

The remainder of the tales are mostly illustrative of local superstitions, and, with the exception of the "Brown Man," which is too diabolical, are highly entertaining. We select for a specimen, "The Persecutions of Jack-Edy:"

"The person whose name is prefixed to this little tale, was the smallest and most celebrated, or, to speak antithetically, was at once the least and the greatest man about the village of Ballyhahil. He was just a bandle* and a half high, that is, some six or eight inches above the far-famed Borowlasky, of Poland; or, as near as may be, to the stature of Bébé, his predecessor at the court of Stanislaus. His notoriety, and still more his accidentally falling into contrast with a neighbour whose dimensions ran into the opposite extreme, had elevated him to the rank of a very useful member of the community; the antiperistasis, so far, however, being of equal advantage to both, as they thus became standards of the minimum and maximum in the way of human admeasurement. Indeed, independent of his long neighbour, our hero might be said to stand as a kind of zero, admitting of an immense range of comparison above or below him. No expressions were more common than 'smaller than Jack-Edy'—'about the height of Jack-Edy'—'bigger than Jack-Edy.' Sometimes one might hear, in the description of some rustic Falstaff, a fellow 'that would put Jack-Edy in his pocket;' or a farmer grumbling about the appearance of his wheat-crop, delivering himself by an oath, that Jack-Edy could see 'clear and clean' above the waving ears, from one end of the field to the other."

"It may be well imagined a person of such general consequence was a great favourite; indeed, if one were inclined to prose a little, and could feel assured the patience of his readers was perfectly inexhaustible, he would find subject enough in the constant association that connects the dwarf with the droll and humorous; while every other vagary of nature, whether in the shape of giant or monster, seems usually linked in the mind with the terrific or disgusting. From the flood (not to go unnecessarily far back), to the close of the last century, they have afforded nearly equal amusement to the king and the mendicant, and, strange to say, even—

"Those demi-puppets that,
By moonshine, do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites—"

of whom it is more to our purpose here to talk, have shown, by every account, nearly an equal passion for their contemporary diminutives of the human race. We need scarce refer to the family jars between Oberon and Titania, about a little fellow, whom the latter, with the usual fairy-like indifference to all sense of morality, 'stole from an Indian king;' or to the well-known fact, universally admitted by Irish story-tellers, that their little lords and pigmies are, of late, more to be pitied than ever, to such an extent has the kidnapping system spread among 'the gentlemen.'

"Whether, with them, this curious fancy originated in a desire to select for their vassals such as were least likely to bring their own Lilliputianism into contemptible contrast, or that they found them more 'smart and handy,' quicker at

* "A bandle measures two feet."

work, and more commodious at doubling up in a buttercup when occasion served, or what, perhaps, might seem a still higher consideration, that they proved more merry and mischievous, it is difficult to determine. If such qualities were in any degree tempting, dwarfs, without doubt, have been ever remarkable for the perfection in which they possessed them; and, perhaps, none more so than the subject of our tale, whose cleverness, and, in sooth, good fortune in foiling all the attempts on his little person, which his natural attractions suggested, became the subject of universal admiration in his neighbourhood.

"It could not be said that Jack-Edy's exterior, although striking and expressive, was decidedly beautiful; there were many points in his figure which, perhaps, could only be duly estimated by natures essentially congenial with his own. He was lame, high-shouldered, and short-necked, had a nose by no means approaching the happy mean, slightly ascending, and, as it were, turning back again towards the extremity, and a pair of eyes, as his companions used to express it, placed *corner-ways*; which, with the continual leer in his look, gave him a comical, and sometimes half-malicious air. His gait and manner corresponded with his appearance; and, taken altogether, he was one whom a person of the slightest penetration would at once select for sport or for mischief. From childhood up, he had himself a kind of instinctive feel that he would be considered a perfect gem among a race to whom these seemed almost the end and aim of existence; and hence he, at a very early period, became suspicious of any advances. By constant observation, their ways became so familiar to him, that he could seldom, if ever, be taken unawares; and, indeed, eventually, his information and vigilance seemed so extraordinary, it was by many shrewdly suspected he must have derived them from other sources than his natural genius could afford.

"Be this as it may, it was evident to the country, no pains were spared on the part of 'the good people' to out-general, and by hook or crook decoy or trap him to their raths or castles. At one time wrapping him up in a whirlwind of dust, until he became so blinded as scarce to find his way home; at another, tempting him from his road with the most delicious music, now beguiling him with the voice of some absent friend, and now laying spells upon such herbs or flowers as he might chance to pluck. But Jack's old grandmother had instructed him too well how to act, in all such emergencies, for him to feel the slightest apprehension.

"Of all the perils that encompassed him, there was only one that was real and alarming, the great demand he was in among the mountaineers, in consequence of the exquisite judgment he was found to possess in a certain ethereal nectar, which had been, time out of mind, manufactured in his neighbourhood, far from the evil eye of the gauger. Ballyhahil, the village in which we have said he resided, is situated in a glen on the banks of the wild and romantic river Ovaan. Far up the windings of this tortuous stream, where it babbled through a dark wooded ravine, a light stream o'ertopping the trees, and curling and condensing in the cool mist of the morning, was ever sufficient signal to Jack-Edy that his opinion was required as to the strength and flavour of the *doublings*;* and although the ramble was long, and the winter's-day short, from which he might often infer the probability of a night journey home, he was seldom known to flinch from his duty to friends on such occasions. So perfect was his taste, indeed, that one cupful might frequently have satisfied his mind, and so precluded the necessity of much delay: but however convincing such evidence might have been, he held his reputation much too sacred to pronounce an immediate judgment. A second cup was essential, and sometimes a third; nay, he frequently found it expedient to delay his final decision until the day was well wasted, or even to the subsequent morning.

"Jack always observed that his intellects became much clearer during his sojourn in the mountain; even his senses seemed to partake of the improvement, as he invariably found, when returning from it, he could see farther, and much more, than when on his way to visit it, sometimes twice as much as any one else could. Yet it was upon such occasions, especially, the plots and ambushes of the

* "The second distillation."

good people were most cunningly laid to intercept him. Of his escapes, the two following have reached our ears:

"On one of those days when his senses had attained a higher degree of perfection than usual, it waxed late before he sat out on his return to Ballyhahil; and as he was anxious to overtake his friend Thady Hourigan, who had started a short time before him, he pushed on at a merry rate. Sometimes he thought he heard the tramp of Thady's huge brogues on the road before him, sometimes that he saw his shadow on the next ascent; but he ran or called to no purpose; the person before neither returned an answer, nor bated his speed. 'Od rot you, for a Thady Hourigan,' says Jack, 'I never knew your ayquils for deafness at any rate.'

"Night had now fallen, but so far from obscuring the pathway, his only difficulty arose from the multiplicity of them that diverged in every direction before him. He had got into the fields for the sake of a *short cut*, and was just thinking within himself which direction he should take, when, all on a sudden, he heard at a little distance on his left, Thady Hourigan whistling the Fox's Sleep. Jack pushed on to the left with fresh spirits.

"But though he sprung like a greyhound over hedge and ditch, and the heavy drops of perspiration began already to run down his temples, he did not seem to gain perceptibly on the provoking Thady. Now and then, indeed, the whistling seemed louder and nearer, but the next moment it died away in the distance, inso-much that little Jack at last began to despair, and then, for the first time, recollected the danger 'of follying a voice or sound in the night-time,' and bethought him, if it was Thady himself that was there, he'd hardly 'make so bould as to be whistlin.'

"Jack-Edy now looked about him. It was all still and dark, except in the south, where he saw the moon rising over the moors above Ballyhahil, but at what distance, or at which side of the village he was, *he didn't know at all*. At length, putting his ear near the ground, with his hand over it, he heard low, drowsy, monotonous sounds, which evidently came from no great distance. 'There isn't a cotner in Cork,' cried Jack, to himself, jumping on his legs, 'if that isn't Davy Foulloo's mill; but sure, for what should it be going this time o' night, and Davy gone to Askeaton yesterday? E'then, may be, 'tis my own little handful of whate they'd be grinding; but Monom-on-gloria if it isn't close upon the Loughill-leap I've got, instead of my own little cabin in Ballyhahil.'

"Jack found his surmises about the mill perfectly correct—it was at work, hard and fast, but he could see no light within. When he came to the door, it was fast shut, and on peeping through the keyhole, what was his astonishment to behold, by the beams of moonlight that broke in through a chink, serving for a window, in the top of the building, poor Thady Hourigan himself tackled to the machinery, instead of Davy Foulloo's mule, and a little fellow in a brown jacket and sugar-loaf cap lashing him round with a huge cart-whip. He saw others, in different habits, as busy as bees, in all corners of the house—some feeding the hopper—some receiving the flour—some filling the bran into bags—and, in short, nothing could be equal to the bustle and industry with which the business went on.

"'Hoa there, below,' cried a fellow from the upper part of the building, 'stop work, there's enough for to-night, and lavins. I've just word that Davy Foulloo's on his way home, and, moreover, it's a long way we have to go.' 'But the bag wants odds of half a stone of being full yet,' returned a grey-coated wrinkled old man, who was engaged in packing the flour. 'No matter for that, Donald Bawn,' cried the voice above, 'we can't stay here any longer; but if you look in the corner below, you'll find two little bags belonging to lame Jack-Edy; fill your plenty of the one that has the fine flour in it, and put a handful of bran into the other, to make up the weight.' 'Why, then, high hanging to ye for sworn rogues,' says Jack, altogether forgetting himself in his indignation, 'is it *mancing* to serve me——' He was here cut short in his address by a loud screech, and on the instant he received a blow from behind, that, to the best of his conception, must have been inflicted by the trunk of a ten-year-old holly. He tumbled headlong from the little parapet before the door of the mill, and, rolling down the adjoining cliff, plumped with a loud splash into the deep pool below. When his senses

returned, he found himself kicking and plunging on the surface of the water, and an inexpressible weight on his shoulders perpetually tending to sink him. On looking up, what was his horror to see, between him and the broad moon that was shining down upon him, old Donald Bawn, sitting upon *his grug*, with his two feet pressed on his chest and collar-bone, and a hand upon each shoulder endeavouring to keep him down. All around were a set of furious little fellows, aiding him in every possible way—some splashing the water in Jack's face to suffocate him—some making huge waves—and some watching to cramp his toe or foot, if it chanced to get above the surface; and in this desperate struggle, they all floated down the stream together.

"It happened, that night, the good man, Father Dooley, parish priest of Loughill, had a *sick call*, up towards the mountains, and, as luck would have it, he was jogging over the bridge on his old fawn-coloured mare, just at the moment poor Jack-Edy was plunging under the archway below. The fairies, afraid of discovery, and of the worthy priest's interference, raised a high wind, and a huge cloud of dust, to deafen and blind him as he passed; but such are the ways of Providence, it was to this circumstance alone poor Jack owed his escape. Tired of struggling, unable to rid himself of the vindictive old monster 'that was for murdering him intirely,' and half suffocated already, from the quantities of water splashed into his mouth whenever he attempted to open it for breath, he at last resigned himself to his fate, and allowed himself to sink quietly. Already the moonbeam was taking its last farewell of his slanting eyebrows, and the yet aspiring tip of his motionless nose, when a loud sneeze was heard above, from Father Dooley—'Chee, chee,' and the usual exclamation, 'Wisha, God bless us.' Instantly a loud scream, ten-fold more terrible than that which had concluded the work in the mill, echoed from the archway. The wind and dust disappeared above, and Jack-Edy rose above the surface of the waters below. Finding himself disengaged from the weight of old Donald, he now put forth his strength again, and, with two or three desperate lunges, found his foot touching the firm rocks, and without more ado he scrambled out of the bed of the river. Great was Father Dooley's surprise to see a man escaping out of the depths of the waters at that hour of night, and more especially one so proverbial for keeping good hours as little Jack-Edy; but on learning the whole story, he took him, dripping as he was, up behind him, on the fawn-coloured mare, and though it was a *good step* out of his way, *landed* him safe and sound at his own cabin-door, in the village of Ballyhahil.

"On another occasion, Jack had been at the fair of Glin, and having met a few friends there, whom he was obliged to treat, he tarried over long, and plodded his way home at night in a somewhat merrier mood than usual. The night was so pitch dark that he took the wrong road; but after travelling for some distance, found his mistake, and turned back. He began at length to feel very tired and drowsy, and coming by an old church, eastward of Glin, which was in a dismantled and ruinous state, and now no longer used for the services of religion, he turned in and stretched himself down underneath the ivied wall, where he had good shelter from the cold north-west wind which had been blowing in his teeth for the last half-hour. Hardly had he settled himself *snug and comfortable*, with his great frieze coat wrapped close about him, and his hat pressed down on his head, so as nearly to cover his eyes, when he saw light all about him, and the brass buttons at the knees of his old corduroy, shining as bright as the day he bought them, *spick and span new*, at Judy O'Flanagan's shop, in Shanagolden; and all the tombstones were lit up about him, and long white bones stuck up against them here and there, half covered with the tangled grass. Right before, the eyeless sockets of a bleached skull, which some one, out of idleness or mockery, had stuck upon the iron railing of an old vault, seemed to stare from the mid sky upon him. 'Why, then, murder an ouns, Jack Edy, where is it that you've got to?' thought he to himself, 'or what will become of you at all this blessed night?' for, when he turned him in for a rest, he never knew 'twas to the *berrin* place he was going.

"What seemed very remarkable was, that not a glimmer of light fell on any thing outside the church-yard wall, and it had something singular even in its own

nature, for it was neither like sun-light, nor moon-light, nor the light of the stars, nor fire, nor rush-light, nor indeed like any light that Jack had ever before beheld ; and now and then he thought he could distinguish shadows passing and re-passing before his eyes, and presently he heard the sound as of bees buzzing above and about him. On looking up, he saw a host of little beings flying about in the air, as if they were looking for some one. 'A long life, now, and an asy death to me, instead of the murther that's threatnin,' whispered Jack inwardly, 'but it's my own self they're sarching for,' and he involuntarily gave a deep sigh. In less than a minute, down popped one of them on his shoulder, and there was a shout that rang through the whole church-yard, 'We have him!' 'We have him!' 'Erah, then, my booheleen,*' cried the little hunch-backed animal that had fixed himself on his shoulder, 'is it here that we have found you at last, and to be hunting you night and day, in wind and in rain, for a good three years, and, moreover, to no purpose atall.' 'Never mind that,' says another, 'isn't it himself that'll pay for it, may be 'tis little of the life he'll have in him by this time to-morrow.' 'That's thrue for you agra,' says a third, 'they have it in for him, for the trick he played 'em in the mill-stream, and here comes old Donald Bawn himself, that was made such a fool of, when he had him all but smothered in the water,' and Donald was heard bustling through the crowd that had gathered round him, exclaiming as he pushed his way, 'Smah a boohil Liam, cudth-ene noath a will shea a vehoonig beg, cudth-ene noath a will shea, that's a good boy, Bill, where is the little vagabond, where is he?' and with many other consoling expressions, that made the perspiration run down Jack Edy's forehead and temples, as he was himself in the habit of expressing it, 'faster than the strames that run down the chapel walls on a Sunday at mass time;' but he shut his eyes all the time, that they mightn't think 'twas awake he was.

"Come, come, lads, there's no time to be lost," says one of them, who was better dressed than the rest, for Jack sometimes took a peep between his eye-lashes, 'you know we can't have him out of this in his clothes.' With that half a dozen of them fell about stripping him; one dragging off his great brogues, another unbuttoning the knees of his corduroy, a third dragging down his Connemara stockings, a fourth ridding him of his frieze coat; till, in a word, he was reduced to shirt and waistcoat; and he making believe all the time that he was fast asleep, though so unmercifully pulled and mauled about. Old Donald himself was now busily engaged in drawing off the waistcoat, which Jack endeavoured, by a thousand sly manœuvres, to prevent; such as shrugging his shoulder up to his ear, or advancing it forward, or pressing his fore-arm close on his breast; when a little fellow, that was stooping forward to assist Donald, gave a start backward, exclaiming, in the greatest agitation, 'a needle, a needle,' and true enough in the breast of the waistcoat that hung down on Jack's arm, a huge darning needle was sufficiently evident. There was a general pause for some moments, when the well-dressed fairy who had before given orders for stripping him, stepped forward, and desired them to examine whether the needle had ever been made use of. It was immediately inspected by those of the greatest skill among them, who one and all as instantly declared, a thread had never been drawn through the eye of it. 'Then,' said the leader again, 'we might as well have staid at home in Knuckfierna to-night, for anything we have to do with Jack Edy;' and Jack laughing at the same time to be listening to him.

"'Erah, is it to let him off so asy as that?' says Donald, 'and we all but having him, as I may say. Whuist, I have it. Lave him there, fast asleep as he is, there's an herb grows in the bogs of Tubbermuirra, that'll melt the needle out of his coat in no time. I'll pluck a bunch of it, and be back in a jiffy.' To this they all whispered assent, and then they arose so softly, and took their way so silently through the air, that their departing forms seemed like vanishing shadows, or clouds rising towards the moon on a midsummer's night. 'Eh then, God's blessing on the backs of ye,' cried little Jack, as he sprung upon his feet, with a half-chuckle, 'they're what I was longing to see this half-hour;' and as if by magic, the way home came into his mind in an instant, and off he cut without

* "Little boy."

stop or stay, through mud and mire, until he reached his own door. 'Arrah Joaneen, Joaneen eroo, open the door, hurry, a colleen dhas, or I'm a dead man, hurry. Granny Keane, agra, Granny Keane, get up and open the door, or you'll never see Jack Edy again. Wisha, murther! if they'll open a door to-night; I'll be caught like Thady Honrigan himself;' and so he continued knocking and calling and swearing, until his little sister Joan threw open the wicker-door to him. He rushed in, and clapt it to in a moment, and placing a spade with the top of the handle in the wicker-work, and the steel sunk fast in the earthen floor, made all tolerably secure. Then brushing back his hair, and wiping his forehead with the skirt of his coat, he turned to the little girl who stood shivering and looking down at him, with nothing, save her grandmother's old cloak about her, and a dying rushlight in her hand. 'Wisha Joaneen, honey, what's become of the feet-water?' 'Tis there in the keeler,' returned little Joan. 'Upset it at the door-way, agra.' 'And, Joaneen, what's become of the reapeen-hook and the wheel?' 'The reapeen-hook's on the hob, and the wheel's in the corner,' said Joaneen; and so while the little girl was pouring out the feet-water, Jack put the reaping-hook in the thatch, and made fast the hand-reel with a rush. 'And now,' says he, tumbling into bed, 'it's odd if I'm not in the wind of old Donald.'

"His head was scarce well on the pillow, when a thumping was heard at the door, and a loud calling, 'Jack Edy, eroo, Jack Edy!' 'Twas for all the world the voice of a near neighbour of his, Larry O'Donnel, the tailor; but Jack knew very well how that was, and he began to snore aloud. Presently he hears another knocking at the door, and the voice of Darby O'Flannagan, the cooper. 'Are you awake, Shawn Edy? Open the doore a boohil, 'tis the keg I'm bringing, that you were wanting for the whiskey.' 'Wisha the dikens carry you, Donald,' said Jack to himself, never making an answer all the while, but only snoring the louder.

"Darby soon got tired of the knocking, but he wasn't long gone when a whining began under the little window, like that of a young child, and sometimes it died away, and he heard as it were the low *huzhoing* of the mother, and then it came to blow and rain, and there was tapping at the casement. 'Who's that there?' says Granny Keane, raising up her head. 'The widow's blessing on you and yours, granny,' said a piteous voice outside, 'and give a poor woman and her child shelter from this bad night.' 'Stay where you are, mother,' whispered Jack Edy, 'tisn't herself that's there at all, as good right I have to know, in regard of what has happened me this night;' and so they both lay quiet in the bed, till at length the woman and her child went away.

"The wind and rain had just subsided, and all was calm again, when Jack heard the same buzzing sound at the wicker-door, as he had heard in the churchyard, and presently the voice of old Donald in a low tone saying, 'Feetwater, Feetwater, get up and let me in.' 'I'm under your feet at the doorway,' returned the Feetwater, 'and how can I let you in?' 'Reapeenhook, Reapeenhook,' said Donald Bawn, again, 'come to the door and let me in.' 'My nose is fast in the thatch,' replied the Reapeenhook, 'and how can I let you in?' 'Handreel, Handreel,' said Donald, a third time, 'come here and let me in.' 'I'm tied fast with a rush,' said the Handreel, 'and how can I let you in?' 'E'then, bad look to you, Jack Edy,' roared out Donald at last, 'there's no one from this to Dingle fit to hould a candle to you any way;' and giving the door a kick that almost knocked the spade from behind it, he departed, never troubling little Jack at home or abroad, or late or early, from that hour to this."

There is some pretty poetry scattered through these tales:—

* "The feet-water, reaping-hook, and hand-reel, are, from some cause which I have not traced to its origin, supposed to be treacherously-minded inmates in a cottage, and are in consequence looked to with a peculiar jealousy by Irish housewives. Perhaps the superstition was first suggested by some enemy to domestic negligence. The precautions adopted by our pigmy hero are seldom omitted at bed-time."

the two following specimens exhibit no mean powers in our author :

"The Christmas light is burning bright
In many a village pane;
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain.
Young boys and girls run laughing by,
Their hearts and eyes elate—
I can but think on mine, and sigh,
For I am desolate.

"There's none to watch in our old cot,
Beside the holy light;
No tongue to bless the silent spot
Against the parting night.
I've closed the door—and hither come
To mourn my lonely fate;
I cannot bear my own old home,
It is so desolate!

"I saw my father's eyes grow dim,
And clasped my mother's knee;
I saw my mother follow him,
—My husband wept with me.
My husband did not long remain,
—His child was left me yet;
But now my heart's last love is slain,
And I am desolate!"

"The priest stood at the marriage board,
The marriage cake was made,
With meat the marriage chest was stored,
Decked was the marriage bed.

The old man sat beside the fire,
The mother sat by him,
The white bride was in gay attire,
But her dark eye was dim,
Ululah! Ululah!
The night falls quick—the sun is set,
Her love is on the water yet.

"I saw the red cloud in the west,
Against the morning light,—
Heaven shield the youth that she loves
best
From evil chance to-night.
The door flings wide! loud moans the
gale,
Wild fear her bosom chills:
It is, it is the Banthee's wail
Over the darkened hills,

Ululah! Ululah!
The day is past! the night is dark!
The waves are mounting round his bark.

"The guests sit round the bridal bed,
And break the bridal cake,
But they sit by the dead-man's head,
And hold his wedding-wake.
The bride is praying in her room,
The place is silent all!
A fearful call! a sudden doom!
Bridal and funeral!

Ululah! Ululah!
A youth to Kilfiehera's ta'en
That never will return again."

WHAT IS THY NAME, REALITY?

ANALYZE life.

Not one of all those things,
Shadowy and vague, that flit upon the wings
Of dim imagination round thy couch
When slumber seals thine eyes, is clothed with such
An unreality as human life,
Cherished and clung to as it is!—The fear,
The thrilling hope, the agonizing strife,
Are hollow there, and unavailing here.
To him who reads what nature would pourtray,
What speaks the night? A comment on the day.
Day dies: night lives; and, as in dumb derision,
Mocks the passed scenery with her own vain vision.

Man buries the departed Passed for aye:

A blind slave to the all-controlling Present,
He courts debasement; and, from day to day,
His wheel of human toil evolves incessant.

And well may earth-directed zeal be blighted!

And well may Time laugh selfish hopes to scorn!

He has lived in vain whose reckless years have slighted
The humbling truth, which penitence and gray

What is thy Name, Reality.

Hairs teach the wise, that such cold hopes were born
 Only to dupe, and to be thus requited.
 How many such there be! in whom the thorn,
 Which disappointment plants, festers in vain,
 Save as the instrument of sleepless pain:
 Who bear about with them the burning feeling
 And fire of that intolerable word,
 Which, inly searching, pierceth like a sword
 The breast whose wounds shall thenceforth know no healing.

Behold the over-teeming globe! Her millions
 Bear mournful witness. Cycles, centuries roll,
 That man may madly forfeit Heaven's pavilions,
 To hug his darling trammels. Yet the soul,
 The startled soul, upbounding from the mire
 Of earthliness, and all alive with fears,
 Unsmothered by the lethargy of years,
 Whose dates are blanks, at moments *will* inquire:
 And whither tends this sluggish struggle? Hath
 The visible universe no loftier path
 Than that we trace out? Is the illumining eye
 Of hope to light but barrenness? Shall the high
 Spirit of enterprise be chilled, and bowed,
 And grovel in darkness, shorn of all his proud
 Prerogatives? Alas! and **MUST** man barter
 The eternal for the perishing, *but* to be
 The world's applauded and degraded martyr,
 Unsouled, enthralled, and never to be free?

Ancient of days! Triune! Adored! Unknown!
 Who wert, and art, and art to come! The heart
 Yearns, in its lucid moods, to Thee alone.
 Thy name is Love! Thy word is Truth! Thou art
 The fount of happiness,—the source of glory,—
 Eternity is in Thine hands, and power:
 Oh! from that Heaven, unrecognised by our
 Slow souls, look down upon a world, which, hoary
 In evil, and in error though it be,
 Retaineth yet some stamp of that primæval
 Beauty that bloomed above its brow, ere evil
 And error wiled it from Thy love and Thee!
 Look down! and if, while human brows are brightening
 In godless triumph, angel eyes are weeping,
 Publish Thy will in syllables of lightning
 And sentences of thunder, to the sleeping;
 Look down! and renovate the waning name
 Of goodness: reillumine the paling light
 Of truth and purity;—that all may aim
 At one imperishable crown, the bright
 Guerdon which they, who by untired and holy
 Warfare shall overcome the world, inherit;
 The self-denying,—the clean of heart,—the lowly,—
 The merciful,—the meek,—the poor in spirit.

So shall the end of Thine all-perfect plan
 Be ultimately realised by man.

February, 1827.

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THE UTILITY OF POPULAR LECTURES CONSIDERED.

IN these latter days, when a blind reverence for the opinions of our predecessors on the earth, has given place to the opposite extreme of sceptical scrutiny; when men are more than half inclined to regard an established opinion and practice, as the result of the prejudice, rather than of the wisdom of ages, and readily give their assent to the proposition, that the world is growing wiser and better, as well as older, every day; in these days, we repeat, of free thinking and free speaking, the practice of oral instruction, or lecturing, has not been able to escape the ordeal to which all things, new and old, are subjected.—The institution of public lectures, so venerable for its antiquity, and so long regarded as an essential ingredient in the constitution of the highest order of seminaries, the universities, has found some among thinking people who deny its necessity, and impugn its utility. It is maintained, that the knowledge thus obtained can be better gained from books; that a lecturer, after all, is but an unpublished author, who has the fear of the public less before his eyes, and is, therefore, less to be depended on; that the knowledge thus acquired is superficial, general, and often inaccurate, for the same reason that we remember and repeat conversations less correctly than we quote and recollect written opinions; that a lecture-room is a Procrustes' bed, which is never fitted but to a small portion of its occupants; that the mind is hurried on without pausing either to understand or weigh; and that there is no medium between pinning our faith upon the professor's sleeve, or denying his whole doctrine; between swallowing his opinions whole, or rejecting them altogether. From such premises has been drawn the conclusion, that public lectures are altogether useless. A sweeping opinion, whose general incorrectness, however, is qualified by some grains of truth.

Before the invention of printing, and even for a long time after it, the deficiency of books was necessarily supplied by oral instruction. Men heard of the name and fame of a celebrated professor, and found it easier to travel to the focus of knowledge than to collect its divergent rays. The literature of foreign climes was as difficult to import as their more perishable commodities. The learning of Italy could be acquired only at her universities, as her grapes could be eaten only in her vineyards. A bookseller was rarely seen, and a reviewer never. Times are altered, when a new discovery, a new thought, or even the new expression of an old one, traverses the whole literary community with the rapidity of wildfire, and when a man may sit in his elbow chair, and have the wisdom of the world laid upon his table. The advantage of public lectures, therefore, to the students of any profession or science, is much diminished. In some branches, indeed, they are entirely useless, if not worse. In others, however, they possess a certain value, which they can never lose, because the knowledge thus acquired can hardly be gained from any other source. This is the case with those sciences which cannot be taught, either by written description, or the art of design alone; when the objects, or the tools, if we may so speak, must be seen to be understood. It will be long before it will be as easy to bring a steam-engine, or a spinning-jenny, into our studies, as to go where they are to be found.

One such object must serve for the instruction of many, as the 'squire's newspaper, formerly, enlightened the whole village.

But, though the demand for lectures, as a part of the apparatus of a strictly professional education, is much less than in former times, the importance of them, as connected with any system of general education, is vastly increased. It is a singular thing in the history of human affairs, that two opposite causes should have produced a similar effect. The scarcity of books made lectures necessary two centuries ago; their abundance makes them still more so now. The diffusion of knowledge, and the existence of free institutions, are mutual re-agents, which require and create each other. Wisdom and liberty go hand in hand, and when either languishes the other is in danger. What would be the duration of a republic of which the citizens were barbarous; what is the amount of useful knowledge among the mass of the subjects of a despotic *regime*? He who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is admitted to be a public benefactor; he who introduces two ideas into a mind in the place of one, is a greater; and any contrivance, by which such a result is accomplished, is to be considered valuable. Now this is precisely the light in which lectures are, at this day, to be regarded: they are a labour-saving invention; they are to the minds of a community what the power-loom is to their bodies; they are the results of a glorious application of the principle of division of labour to intellectual wants.

The value of such an application has become more obvious, since we have ceased to regard the mind of any human being as a vessel of limited capacity, which can hold only a certain quantity of knowledge, and in which the introduction of new ideas must necessarily drive out the former occupants; since we have learned to consider it, correctly, as the subject of indefinite improvement, whose power and capacity increase with every addition to its stores. "For the desire of knowledge," says a popular writer on this subject, "spreads with each effort to gratify it; the sacred thirst of science is becoming epidemic, and we look forward to the days when the laws of matter and of mind shall be known to all men; when an acquaintance with them shall no longer be deemed, as heretofore, the distinction of a few superior minds, any more than being able to read and write now constitutes, as it once did, the title of scholarship." The bugbears, which alarmed the theorists of other times, are losing their power.—The notion of the danger of instructing the people, lest they should criticise their rulers, and leave their proper business to keep the world in an uproar, is now classed with that of the most judicious Jack Cade, when he charged Lord Say with having "traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, by erecting a grammar school; and that, whereas their fathers before had no other book than the score and tally, he had caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, had built a paper-mill; and that he had men about him, who usually talked of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian could endure to hear." Experience continually shows, that ignorance alone is mother of presumption, error, and mischief.

Not only does the spirit of modern liberality desire to spread knowledge among all ranks, but among the individuals of both sexes. The absurd doctrine which influences the savage, who degrades his wife

to the condition of a menial, and which has made its appearance in more refined society in such aphoristic form as this, that "the best learning for a lady is to learn to make a pudding." It has been ascertained, that knowledge of various kinds is not incompatible with this important manufacture, and that many other branches of knowledge may be superadded to this essential one. It is admitted that puddings, though admirable things in their way, are but indifferent subjects of conversation; and, as it is the fashion now-a-days to converse a good deal, it is desirable that there should be other subjects, not only than puddings, but even than ribbons, gauze, bobbinet, or, peradventure, the last new novel. We are growing democratic in this matter—believers in equality of privileges, and begin to be persuaded, that the whole notion of resistance to the diffusion of knowledge any where has no better foundation than the detestable maxim, that "might makes right." The ladies of the present day are taught something of chymistry, geography, astronomy, natural philosophy, and the modern languages; there are some who have not refrained from Latin, and some, it is said, have even meddled with Greek; still it is devoutly believed that they are neither worse housekeepers, nor less agreeable companions, than the potters, preservers, comfit-makers, and diligent embroiderers, of times that are gone by.

There are two classes of knowledge in society: one, of the principal profession and employment of the individual, and to be acquiring and perfecting of which, his labour is, and ought especially to be devoted. Very few are so situated as to be without some main object of this sort, and the situation of these few is rarely to be envied. Another class of acquirements is sought as a source of amusement or occasional advantage. The mason devotes himself principally to acquiring skill in the art of working in stone, brick, and mortar, and must, in the first place, provide himself with the necessary tools, the guage, the square, and the trowel; but, besides these, he finds occasional convenience in possessing a chisel, a plane, or a hammer, and in understanding the use of them. The mechanic finds it useful to be able to compose a note of hand without going to an attorney, while the attorney, in his turn, may find it more convenient to drive a nail or a screw than to be at the trouble of seeking a mechanic. Even where one never intends actually performing any particular operation, it is advantageous to know the best manner of doing it, in order to appreciate the skill of those by whom it is performed for us.

By the diffusion of this supplementary knowledge in society, the standard of excellence is raised in every employment. The best workmen in every department will necessarily be found where skill is best understood and rewarded, and the competition will be between rival excellence instead of rival mediocrity. All the subjects of human knowledge have, moreover, connexions more or less remote, so that one is often assisted in his principal employment by hints drawn from others. But, though this subsidiary class of acquirements thus often proves advantageous, we are most commonly led to it by the desire of temporary gratification; the gratification of that natural curiosity, which was plainly implanted in us for the express purpose of enlarging our intellectual faculties and our capacity for happiness.

The desire of investigating causes is one of the earliest and most constantly operating impulses of the mind. This impulse peopled

the groves and streams of ancient times with deities, and printed the green sward of modern days with fairy rings ; for, when real causes are not apparent, the mind will rather task imagination for fabled agents than rest unsatisfied. Every addition to this second class of knowledge, which can be made without prejudice to the peculiar and most important pursuit of each individual, answers one of the ends of his being, and opens new sources of enjoyment. But it is impossible for any one continually to pursue a single object ; the bow cannot always be bent, or the cord for ever strained, without losing their power, and many hours of necessary relaxation may be employed in adding without much effort to our subsidiary stores.

This is effected, first by observation, which, however, is, when unassisted, but a limited source of improvement. The eye of the mechanic sees one thing, that of the merchant another, and that of the man of science a third, till, mutually instructed by conversation, each sees the whole. Conversation, then, is another source of acquirement, a sort of intellectual barter, in which each changes his private stores for those of others ; though, unlike the barterer of material treasures, he gives without losing, and receives without taking away. But conversation can only take place between neighbours and contemporaries. The arts of writing and printing communicate the wisdom of distant ages and nations, and reading is therefore another abundant source of knowledge. But this partakes in many instances of the nature of toil, rather than relaxation, and occupies the time and energies which should be sacred to one's principal vocation. This is avoided by employing one to read for many, and adding a new one to the list of peculiar vocations. Of this nature is the system of lecturing, by which hundreds may obtain, with little or no effort, and at the same time, the accumulated and corrected results of the labour of years.

In all these ways, may what we have termed subsidiary knowledge be acquired. They all work together and mutually assist each other, and the sum of knowledge in civilized countries is thus advancing in a cumulative ratio, of which attentive observers are every day perceiving the progress and admiring the results.

Those of our readers who have followed us through this explanation of the different classes of knowledge, will anticipate our reply to an objection sometimes made to miscellaneous learning. It is objected, that it is apt, after all, to be merely a smattering ; that a complete knowledge cannot be obtained of many things ; and that he who knows a little on a variety of subjects will know nothing well.

It is no doubt true, that great excellence cannot usually be obtained by any individual in more than one pursuit ; but, having done his duty in this particular, he is certainly right to spend a part of the remainder, and, as it were, superfluous time, in acquiring other sources of advantage or knowledge. The question is not between books, conversation, or lectures, and a man's principal duties ; but between these and idleness, or unprofitable and hurtful amusements. It is certainly better to have a little knowledge than to have none ; and all that can be gained in one department, without preventing or even diminishing acquirements in another, is clearly valuable.

Popular lectures, again, may be considered in the light of sources of mere amusement, and much may be said in support of them in

this view. In the first place they are innocent, which is more than can be affirmed of many other amusements commonly to be met with in a populous city. They endanger neither the health nor the morals of the community; they produce no unnatural and feverish excitement, nor leave behind them depression and languor.

Moreover, their efforts are more or less permanent; they extend far beyond the hour specially given to them, and the mind acquires a new stock of materials for occasional amusement. The common enjoyment of books and conversation is enhanced; the individual is better enabled to impart pleasure, and better fitted to receive it; much that was once dull and unintelligible to him, becomes clearer and interesting; and he remarks now some of the thousand things which were before continually passing without a notice.

Lastly, popular lectures, considered in the light of an economical mode of diffusing scientific knowledge, tend to raise the religious and moral character of the community. The first and greatest commandment is enforced by every lesson in the sciences; the seal of wisdom and benevolence is on—

“Every star the sky does show,
And every herb that sips the dew;”

and the farther we penetrate into the temple of nature, the nearer we approach to the Holy of Holies. The second commandment is also written on the book of nature; for knowledge and charity go hand in hand. Every increase of the former adds new links to the chain of intellectual sympathy, and shows a new society of minds to “claim kindred with, and have our claim allowed.” We are continually taught that the knowledge upon which we prided ourselves in solitude, is but a small part of the sum which is in the world. We are taught to be slow to despise that ignorance in one particular pursuit, which may be more than compensated by knowledge in another. We learn that there is no one who cannot teach us something that is valuable, and become gradually, in the best sense, citizens of the universe.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A WAITER.*

BEING THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF JOE COMING SIR.

WE have said, in a former number, that this is the age of auto-biography—our table is at this moment groaning beneath a pile of memoirs, confessions, reminiscences, lives, and sketches. How to dispose of them we know not; indeed we are half inclined to make rather a summary task of it, by reviewing them in a lump. We might say of them, in a general way, that they contain a quantity of pompously-detailed incidents, interesting only to the relaters of them.—Probably an exception ought to be made in favour of the volume entitled the “*Recollections of a Waiter.*” Our friend, Joe, is a plain sort of character, who describes, in a simple way, every matter that came under his immediate observation; there are many of these matters, to be sure, that are hardly worth recording—but he is not the

* Tomkins and Co. London.

only writer that has swelled out a volume with "mighty trifles;" his book, moreover, is moderate in its price, and unassuming in its appearance. We shall pass over an account of his schooling, and of his adventures after leaving school;—his details relative to his family, and to the misfortunes which obliged him to become a waiter, are touching enough; but they have nothing peculiar in them. In turning through the work, we make the following extract at random:

"After all I had suffered, I felt pleased and proud at being engaged in such an establishment as Morrison's: to those who know any thing of Dublin, it will be unnecessary for me to say much as to the style and elegance of that splendid hotel and tavern. As I stood dressing myself, previous to the commencement of business, I went on indulging freely in the pleasant task of castle-building.—'Who knows, thought I, but that I may, in a few years, be the owner of an establishment like this. Morrison is a man now wealthy and greatly respected. Yet, some years ago, he wore the livery of a footman. What is to hinder me from being equally successful; if I copy his manner, his industry, and his general good conduct, I may get on—yes, and will get on.' I thought not then of Shakspeare's expression—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the full, leads on to fortune."

To me this full tide never presented itself. I might save a little money, to be sure—but I never had an opportunity of making a fortune."

The following passage will show that Mister Coming Sir is unlike the ordinary class of waiters—he liked good eating and drinking, but he could also relish an intellectual treat:

"I was one of those who attended table at the public dinner which was given to Mr. Thomas Moore. I need not say, that the company comprised all the talent, and a considerable portion of the rank and respectability, of the Irish capital; the grand object of attraction to me throughout the evening, was the distinguished guest—the illustrious poet. In my own fancy, I had previously invested him with a character, almost bordering on divinity; and my readers may judge what my feelings were when I saw him, and heard him speak: his speech, on returning thanks for himself, was forcible and eloquent; but I thought he never appeared in a loftier light than when he stood up to speak on the part of his father; the old gentleman, plain but venerable in his appearance, was seated on the left hand of the chairman; he seemed, in reality, overwhelmed with the honours conferred on him; he was, of course, unable to return thanks, but for this deficiency all present had an ample compensation in the few words spoken by his highly gifted son. There was so much feeling, so much of simple energy and of filial attachment in the short address, that even I, though an humble and almost illiterate waiter, was melted into tears. Other speeches followed, and some of them were excellent. Charles Philips was present—he was then in the hey-day of his oratorical reputation. Why has this reputation faded? Poor Maturin, also (whose 'Bertram' I had just read), was among the company, and delivered a very eloquent harangue. Shiel was animated and happy, as usual, and O'Connell more than usually so. Altogether, it was an evening that I would like to live over again."

Who has not heard of the gormandizers of the Dublin corporation:

"Those who have not witnessed the achievements of the corporation folk, when assembled at dinner, can form no idea of their capabilities as trenchermen. A Dublin common councilman is, of all others, the man for performing a solo on the knife and fork. A London citizen is generally well fed, and enjoys plenty at home; but the civic heroes of Dublin are mostly needy, half-starved things, to whom a good dinner is a novelty, and, of course, a matter not to be trifled with. The first question usually put to the candidate for city honours is, 'Will you give the station dinners?' I have stood near some of these gentlemen,

and I have been really puzzled to know what they did with the quantities of meat that appeared, or rather disappeared, before them; they pay so much attention to what the Puritans would call 'creature comforts,' that they appear, generally, to neglect the improvement of the mind; indeed, a blunderer is mostly the favorite among them—for such a person commonly makes up, by loyal violence, for what he wants in point of information. The blazing red-hot bigots, the true blues, the ascendancy men, are fortunately those who are incapable of giving expression to the bitter and envenomed feelings that actuate them. They constantly show their teeth, but to bite is beyond their power. I have often, while waiting on them, been highly amused by the specimens of grammar and of historical research, that were occasionally exhibited. I was present when Mr. Sheriff Thorpe made his grand speech in praise of the constitution, when he declared that he 'was ready for to die for ever for it;' and I also heard that great city luminary, Dixon, state, that the glorious and immortal memory of William the Third had been the charter toast of the corporation for more than three hundred years.' To me this interesting historical fact was entirely new. It would make the reader laugh, if I could describe the remarks or the sneers of the castle folks on the military characters who attend these dinners, as a matter of course; the poor creatures who invite them think they are doing wonders, while they are really the butt of their fashionable visitors."

The following passage is in Frederick Reynolds's best style :

"The witty Lord B——, with a friend, had ordered dinner; he rang the bell several times before I could reach the room. 'Why, Joe,' said he, 'are all the waiters gone?' 'No, my lord,' said I, 'Your lordship and your friend seem to be wait-ers just now.' 'Very well, Joe,' said his lordship; hem!"

Other lords, it appears, didn't take poor Joe's remarks in so friendly a way :

"I was in attendance at one of the dinners given by the 'Beefsteak Club.'—The company was highly respectable, if we except the poor creatures who came there to 'squeak for their bit.' Waiter, as I was, I must own, that I looked down with a proud feeling of superiority upon those 'professional gentlemen,' who, if they gave 'no song,' would certainly get 'no supper,' nor dinner either. I pitied them, for I saw them on that night admitted to a certain degree of familiarity by persons, who, the next day, passed them in the street, without deigning to notice them. I appeared as a waiter; there was no hollow politeness in question; I was paid for what I did, and I felt independent. There was a great deal of eating and drinking—a great deal of good singing; after this came 'toasts and sentiments,' and then began the mischief. Some of the toasts were of the deep, double dyed, true blue school; the Chancellor and the then Attorney-General were present, and I felt surprised that they didn't interfere—they only smiled, however, or gave an occasional shake of the head. It appeared strange to me, that in an assembly whose professed object was 'harmony,' so much of what was likely to create 'discord' should be allowed; but I was then green and inexperienced. The potatoe-faced lordling in the chair seemed to warm as he proceeded, and at last came a toast that indeed startled me—'My lords and gentlemen, fill high,'—he reeled as he spoke; 'I give you—the pope in the pillory, the pillory in hell, and the devil pelting priests at him.' 'A blister on your tongue first, my lord,' said I, in a voice that echoed through the large room. The toast, however, was drunk uproariously; and, in the silence that followed, I had full time for reflection. I saw that I had acted foolishly—but what could a poor, insulted, and irritated papist do in such a case; the dye was cast, however, and I felt no surprise when Morrison, on the next morning, told me that we should part."

With one extract more we shall, for the present, conclude :

"On the very day that I left Morrison's, there was a kind of rumpus that shows, to a certain degree, the needy and niggardly character of some of the corporators: one of the sheriffs had ordered a dinner; he was by trade a beer brewer; and, in order to save a little, he insisted upon supplying his own drink

for dinner. It was said also, that to save gratuities to the waiters, he proposed the introduction of his draymen, as attendants at table. To this Morrison objected in a most decided tone; he told the economical sheriff to order dinner elsewhere; and, after inviting a party of friends, he took care that the good things intended for the 'man of grounds' should not go to waste. I remained for that evening, and a jolly one it was."

Mr. Coming Sir, after remaining for some time unemployed, was at length engaged by Mrs. Flanagan, of the Dolphin Tavern—a tavern, that *we* have rendered more celebrated than Ambrose's of Edinburgh. With what he saw and heard there, our readers shall become acquainted in a future number; indeed we must say, that we suspect our friend Joe to be the writer of the "*Evenings at Flanagan's*."—What other person could supply these articles?

EVENINGS AT FLANAGAN'S.

"Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be this my motto and my fate."

Present, DAVID M'CLEARY; CARLETON, of *Castle Street*; Sir HARCOURT LEES; CODEY, of *the Warder*; and SHEEHAN, of *the Mail*.

M'Cleary. Well, Carleton, didn't I tell you what speaking out boldly and aboveboard would do,—that it would make a man of you.

Carleton. I was a man before that, Davy,—not all as one you know: a tailor is but a piece of a man.

M'Cleary. That's but cobbler's wit, after all; but, indeed, Carleton, I knew that your speech at the Bank would serve you.

Carleton. Arrah! how, Davy? Is it, by having my work trampled on by every true Protestant in Ireland? ha! ha! but, indeed, I do think that speech of mine was of use to me; the Beef-Steak Club, and the clergy, and the *serious* people, are giving me their orders. Last week I measured the right reverend calves of three bishops; I had in my hand the right honourable feet of five evangelical ladies; and the chancellor and the secretary, and all the orange leaders, declare that they would scorn to creak in any other work but mine. "Say what you please, there is nothing like leather."

Lees. Bravo! my lad of wax! But, Davy, I don't think that the true Protestants patronise you, as you say they do our friend Carleton.

M'Cleary. Why, Sir Harcourt, the plain truth is, that I don't count them much,—I am too independent for that; I am a thinking man; tailor, d'ye see,—no cringer; I look beyond my lapboard; as for Carleton, poor devil, he would not only measure their feet, but actually kiss them, if desired. Between you and I (*half whispering*), I laugh at his Bank speech: *we* are scholars, Sir Harcourt; you know what *my own* divine Cicero says,—"*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*." Hem!

Codey. That is not Cicero's, Davy!

M'Cleary. Not Cicero's! not my own, my divine Cicero's! I'll hold you an old breeches to five volumes of the *Warder*, that it is Cicero's! Lord! such ignorance!! But you say, Sir Harcourt, that

that the Protestants don't *patternize* me; what care I,—I've established a character as a coat-cutter, but I'm the very devil at hitting off a breeches. D'ye know, that I've engaged "a live man" to stand three hours a day at my door to show off my work;—a tight fellow he is. Oh! it is his thighs that can display my close-fitted pantaloons in all their glory: Carleton is to have the use of his calves, in the early part of the day, to sell off a lot of Hessians or Wellingtons, I forget which. Dallas has had his head already in his wigs.

Carleton.—You didn't tell me his name, Davy, but bid me guess; sure it can't be our little acquaintance, Paddy Now—

McCleary.—Order! order! Carleton! no names! he's to wear a mask at the door, you know.

Codey.—There's an old exciseman, that's some time on the town, Davy: if you could catch him, he'd make a good pantaloon-stand!

McCleary.—Not better than the one we speak of.

Enter BURKE BETHEL (singing)

The cobbling boy to the Bank is gone,—

In the midst of the merchants you'll find him;

An impudent grin he has just put on,

And all modesty left behind him.

"Old Protestant pile," cried the lad of the last,

"See the true blues clinging together;

Aye, *all* for one *end* shall like *wax* stick fast,

Then, Hurra! sure 'there's nothing like leather!'"

Who'll taunt me hereafter with being the son of a cobbler? Carleton has redeemed the character of the "gentle craft;" he has given a *gloss* to the profession, and fairly sewed up the mouths of their calumniators.

Codey.—Well done, Bethel! why, you are becoming quite poetical of late! You are probably not aware of the close union existing between poetry and shoe-making. In our own day there have been three or four cordwaining poets,—Blackett, Bloomfield, and Gifford! You know the Quarterly Gifford, lately dead.

Bethel.—I do? But where are all our friends? Where is the eloquent lisper of "forto's," Gregory the Great?

Lees.—Oh! he's busy in preparing for the press a second edition of his Sermon on the Death of the Duke.

Sheehan.—Who is it that has to answer for the sin the poor doctor committed, in getting that queer thing put into type?

Codey.—Some idle wags belonging to Paul's parish; they had plotted to quiz the doctor.—They got up a sham deputation,—made the request with all imaginable gravity, and the preacher condescended, in the most gracious manner, to waste his money, and expose his lack of brains, by appearing in "gude black prent."

Lees.—But, Codey! you puffed the sermon in the *Warder*, and gave a hint about the doctor's promotion!

Codey.—No, no, Sir Harcourt! That hint shows plainly from what quarter the critique came! I was regularly paid for the advertisement, though it didn't appear in that form.

Lees.—Well, well! there are wheels within wheels! You people of the press manage these things adroitly; to be sure, in articles that

were anonymous, I used to call myself the "great Protestant writer."

Bethel.—And who'd a better right to speak well of you than yourself! Now, when I give a pun or a squib to the newspapers, I always begin thus:—"The witty Counsellor Bethel observed," or, "The facetious Burke Bethel said." But, Sheehan! have you seen my last, in contradiction to Blackstone's "Farewell to the Muse;" I call this my "Farewell to the Law." I am about to get a borough; tho', since my last attempt at Newry, I am somewhat shy. This poetical scrap is "an Address to the Four Courts," being a portion of my "Farewell:"

AIR—"Adieu, thou dreary pile."

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The teasing sound of quibbles, oaths, and lies.
Ye brother bearers of each lonely bag,
Inur'd your limbs around the hall to drag,
For prouder scenes I fly this noisy sphere,
For curse the good an honest man does here!

Ha! ha! isn't that very well?

Enter TIGHE GREGORY, SUTTER, Sir A. B. KING, and Mr. EMANUEL H. ORPEN.

Welcome, friends! welcome! you lost a right good thing of mine just now!—right good, faith! shall I repeat it?

Omnes.—No, no, no!

M'Cleary.—Well, Doctor Gregory, how does the sermon sell? I am afraid you will be out of pocket.

Gregory.—No, no! tho' I am unwilling *for to* boast, the churchwardens and parishioners of St. Paul's have ordered a copy,—the Kildare Place people have bought one, on account of my note about Hohenloe, and the *Benevolent* Orange Society have offered the trade price for another! Peter Daly will give sixpence for one.

Codey.—Why, this is encouraging; but didn't you present the Dublin Library with a copy?

Gregory.—No, no! the fingers of the radicals there are unworthy of handling such a gift!

Bethel. (*Sings.*)

AIR—"Dulce Domum."

In Crampton Court a cloth-shop stood,
Oft sought by wanderers weary,—
A corner shop—the snug abode
Of loyal old M'Cleary.
'Tis there you soon might mount a coat,
If in Bank notes abounding,
There Davy moved to spout or quote—
Explaining by confounding.
When evening came—
Unto his dame,
A decent worthy woman,
He call'd for light,
And half the night
He shunn'd his bed,
As loud he read,
Of Cicero, the old Roman.

Sheehan.—A very fair parody that, upon my word.

M'Cleary.—Fair, d'ye call it? Why, then, by my honour as a ma—I mean a tailor, he'll not *fare* the better for giving it! What's my reading or quoting Cicero to him? (*Takes out a paper and reads.*) J. B. Bethel, Esq., in account with D. M'Cleary:

Superfine Black pantaloons, £1 15 0

Mending, do.

Turning, do.

Bethel. Oh, Davy! Davy! stop,—but here's the great modern reformer of the discipline of the Romish church—the enemy of ex-communication, Emanuel Hutchinson Orpen, attorney! Why has this great illuminator been allowed to sit among us so long unmolested?

Lees.—He must excuse us; it is his dress and general appearance that are to blame! A loyal man should seem well fed and well clad!

Gregory.—Mr. Orpen should not have meddled with theological matters—he should have left that to you and I, Sir Harcourt.

Lees.—Right, doctor, right!—He only exposed himself, and George Ogle Moore, to the sneers of the British senate. Poor Moore, I am told, appeared like a dog that had lost his tail, when he found Peel turning on him.

Sheehan.—And well he might!—but what are we to do with all the converts, Sir Harcourt?

Lees.—Let me alone, Sir! Before three months are over, you will find it easy to reckon them; they will take all you give them, but when you stop giving, there's an end of your “second reformation.” But, gentlemen, you are all neglecting your wine; send the bottle round.

Bethel.—For my part, I would prefer punch!—I must have a little of the native; where's Blacker to-night, with his whiskey song of Carolan's? No matter, I'll sing a song—(*sings.*)

AIR—“*Oh, then dearest Ellen.*”

When Lees his old port is on Jesuits bestowing,
When Daly sends Orangemen dry from his door,
When Manners as fat as big Green shall seem growing,
Oh! then, dearest whiskey, I'll love you no more.

I'll love, &c.

When parsons shall cease their old pickings to cherish,
When saints shall their hatred of Papists give o'er,
When truth shall prevail, and hypocrisy perish,
Oh then, dearest whiskey, I'll love you no more.

I'll love, &c.

Lees.—Why then, Bethel, what the deuce ails you? What has put the singing fit on you to-night? Your song, however, is a song of improbabilities. I'll never give my old wine to the Jesuits, while I can handle a double-barreled gun—that I swear to.

Sheehan.—No! Sir Harcourt; nor is there any chance of Lord Manners ever growing to the size of Bumbo Green.

Codey.—Lord Manners and Bumbo Green! who names them together? the most frightful contrast in nature.

Lees.—Well, my dear Sir Abey, how d'ye feel just now? What about your claim on St. Andrew's parish, for the work of “the unknown murderer and incendiary,” as your friend, J. H. Moore, calls

him; take my word for it, the Jesuits were at the bottom of this affair, too!—Oh, what will become of the country?

King.—I know not what to say, Sir Harcourt; my long friend, Sutter, here, promises me plenty of pipe-water, if a fire ever occurs with me again.

Lees.—That's poor comfort; but, Sheehan, I forgot to ask you, if the packet brought any thing strange or new?

Sheehan.—Yes! our popish Protestants in Parliament are preparing to take the field in the cause of the Irish Romanists; Lord Clifden has sung out in the House of Peers, and Sir Francis Burdett blows his trumpet of alarm among the Commons. Heaven defend the cause of Protestantism—and Heaven defend me at the commission! I struck for the cause!—the good old cause; but the blow may cost me something.

Sutter.—Pshaw!—O'Connell will make nothing of it!

M'Cleary.—Draw up a memorial, and send it to him, representing your asthmatical and bloated condition, and begging mercy; and my word as a man—a tailor, for it, that he will take pity on you, and drop the prosecution!

Sheehan.—Drop your jibing, Davy!—I wish, however, that I was as sure of getting off as Shiel.

Codey.—I'm not so sure of Shiel getting off, after all!

Sheehan.—Well, well, wait;—time, they say, is a tell-tale.

Bethel.—Why, Codey, there are men in Dublin—I don't say they will be jurymen, but men belonging to a certain party in Dublin, who would declare his satanic majesty, if they tried him, "not guilty," sooner than humour the Marquis or the Attorney-General!

M'Cleary.—Devil a doubt of it, my friend!

Sheehan.—We Protestants—stanch Protestants, ought to be glad of this kick up between the Papists and their quondam advocates; but, Sir Harcourt, I had nearly forgotten—I saw, last night, in an English paper, an account of Wolff's marriage.

Lees.—Wolff, is it, the wandering Jew?

Sheehan.—The same; and he has married a person of rank, too—Lady Something.

Lees.—Oh! by the ghost of Nimrod, that's rare; the fellow knew what he was about, with a vengeance—it was not for nothing that he left Rome, where his lot would have been poverty and celibacy—it was not an idle whim that led him through the country to bible meetings, where he could, like another Othello, soften the hearts of the fair, by recounting his exploits and his dangers! Well, well, Gregory, think of that!—Think of this wanderer picking up a wife, a title, and a fortune, with his foreign face, his wonders, and his broken English.

Bethel (sings)—

"When truth shall prevail, and hypocrisy perish,
Oh then, dearest whiskey, I'll love you no more."

Here, waiter, materials for punch.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter.—No more, Sir! we are closing up for the night.

Lees.—And my ogles are closing, too—let us be off.

Omnes.—Aye! away, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

PROTESTANT ENGLAND.

IN our last number, we endeavoured to point out the benefits which Catholicity conferred upon mankind in general, and upon Englishmen in particular; and we shall now proceed to show that Protestantism possesses no claims to superiority in a political point of view, over the "religion of our fathers"—that the "Reformation" was not an event to be proud of—and that the reformed creed is not more favourable to civil liberty, than the oft-belied and calumniated religion of Rome.

Our predecessor—than whom no man saw deeper into human nature or scanned more accurately the motives of human action—has advanced, in the former series of our work* two novel opinions: first, that Catholicity could not advantageously connect itself with temporal power; and, secondly, that there never could be a secession from the Church of Rome, where the people were enlightened. His arguments in support of these assertions are, in our opinion, unanswerable, and his obvious conclusions were, that Catholics, above all men, should practise the utmost toleration, and that Catholic divines, when uninfluenced by kings or princes, had every motive, human and divine, to encourage and promote the progress of knowledge and civil liberty.

The history of the Christian church singularly illustrates each and every one of these positions: until the beginning of the fifth age, the church teemed with learned men: the necessity she was under of repelling the attacks of the heathen philosophers, compelled the early fathers to qualify themselves for the task by study—to arm themselves with weapons similar to those made use of by their opponents; and, as they had, in addition to literature and eloquence, truth and justice on their side, their triumph in every contest was decisive. The Christians multiplied, the churches were crowned with converts, while the morality and purity of the doctrine promulgated, were producing their happy consequences, when, unfortunately, Catholicity was taken under the protection of the emperors of the west. The want of toleration now began to produce its evils: "Arcadius and Honorius," says the Rev. Mr. Bell, in his excellent "Epitome of Universal History,†" "who reigned in the early part of the fifth century, convinced that Theodosius owed his glory and prosperity to the fervour of his piety and zeal,—without attributing any thing to his civil and military talents, enacted laws against heretics and pagans, still more severe than those of Theodosius; and their example was followed by Theodosius II., by Marcian, and succeeding emperors. Thus did learning and the sciences, which had produced at the commencement of the fifth age an abundant harvest of great men, sensibly decay; nay, almost totally disappear at the close of the same century: and, in fact, a government which can imagine it a sacred duty to extirpate error with fire and sword, confines its liberality to vile informers and executioners, while it abandons literary merit and the sciences to starve, and even looks upon them with an eye of jealousy, as innovations, dangerous to the state."

* Vide vol. II, page 389.

† Introductory to his "Wanderings of the Human Intellect."

These persecutions and their consequences—mental darkness, begot, as intolerance ever must, innumerable heresies. The church was torn with the teachers of “new lights;” and, during this age of imbecility, the barbarians began to make their inroads on the domains of civilized man. Fortunately, literature still lingered in the monasteries; and the pious inmates of those religious houses undertook to diffuse knowledge among the Goths and Vandals of this period; but the interference of crowned heads in ecclesiastical affairs continued to counteract, in some measure, the labours of the good and wise, and fill the world with persecutions and fanaticism. One result of this was to drive all the literature of the Christians into the east; for it is a well-known fact, that the early Mahometans excelled, for some centuries, in every branch of human knowledge.* During the eighth century, the eastern Christians could reckon only one writer of erudition or method. In the west, the case was little better. Ireland only, amid the nations of the earth, could boast the possession of learning and learned men; and to her the Christian world is indebted for the revival of letters in the next and following centuries. Europe, however, continued to be involved in war, and the great mass of the people in ignorance;† and, though the tenth century produced no schism,

* At the birth of Mahometanism, the Mussulmans declared war indiscriminately, against all that refused to embrace their superstition: the vanquished they condemned to die. But after the first transports of their enthusiasm had subsided, they mitigated the excessive cruelty of so impolitic a maxim, and, for fear of changing their new-acquired territories into one vast wilderness of destruction, they granted a kind of toleration to all religions, with the exception only of gross idolatry. This indulgence caused great multitudes of Christians, Jews, and other persons, instructed in the arts and sciences, to settle in the dominions of the califfs; where they continued, in secret, to improve themselves in learning, during the reign of the Ommiades, till the accession of Almansor. This prince, and his immediate successors, encouraged letters and learned men; while the emperors of Constantinople were wholly employed in compelling their subjects to adopt their respective innovations relative to faith, or in reconciling systems of belief absolutely inconsistent with each other.—“*Wanderings of the Human Intellect.*”

† The Rev. Mr. Bell, speaking of the tenth century, says, “In the Constantinopolitan empire, Bardas, encouraged by the example of the Arabians, and by the exhortations of Photius, had begun to revive the study of literature and the sciences, towards the close of the last century: his views were seconded by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, who invited from all quarters, philosophers, geometricians, and astronomers, to come and teach at Constantinople. But from the depth of ignorance to the perfection of science, the progression is but gradual; and we do not find that the Greek empire produced any celebrated writers during the tenth century. An undiscerning relish for the marvellous was the order of the day; and this, perhaps, it was, that determined Metaphrastes to compile his *Legends of the Saints*; a publication replete with the most extraordinary prodigies, ill authenticated at the best, and often supposititious.

Europe, as already observed, was agitated with perpetual wars. The fury of arms had produced a general licentiousness; inflamed the passions; extinguished in many almost the light of reason itself. Still, however, there were many that retained impressions of religion even in their greatest excesses. Virtuous persons availed themselves of these precious remnants of faith, to represent to them, in lively colours, the dreadful chastisements reserved for wicked actors, in a future state. Often the agonies of remorse compelled these latter to adopt the severest methods of expiating their crimes; and frequently, too, their consummate impiety hurried them into the superstitious practices of augury, and every

it sowed the seed of one, which is yet flourishing; for the imperfect light which the limited diffusion of knowledge afforded, only served to lead the people astray. It is a singular fact, that, subsequent to the few first centuries, secession from the church of Rome never took place but in those periods of mental twilight, when darkness was beginning to disappear, and the light of knowledge to revive; from which we may draw the obvious conclusion, that the Catholic church has a decided interest in encouraging education—not that kind of stultified pedantry, which preceded the reformation, but useful literature and science, in the most unbounded extent. If Christianity be of divine origin, Catholicity has nothing to apprehend from the progress of knowledge.

At length, in the plenitude of folly, Gregory the Seventh arrogated to himself, as the successor of SS. Peter and Paul, the dominion of the earth, and undertook to dispose of crowns and principalities, with as much facility, and with much less right, than the late emperor of the French. Previous to this time, the bishops of Rome had been more than the advocates of humanity: armed with the cross, they stayed the progress of the barbarians, and more than once compelled the monsters, who then ruled kingdoms, to respect the laws of religion and justice. That they did much good, by fulminating excommunications, and interfering in the temporal affairs of princes, is unquestionable; for, “were it not for them, the inhabitants of Europe, at this day, might be as far removed from civilization as the Scythian hordes.”* It is, however, true that, subsequent to the eleventh century, the pretensions of the Roman pontiff did considerable mischief;†

species of divination, and other vain observances, which had been in use with idolaters in preceding ages. Some ignorant and simple people had strange ideas with reference to the other world, and imagined, for instance, that it was a part of St. Michael's office to sing high mass in heaven every Monday. The tenth age, notwithstanding so fruitful in other evils of every description, gave not birth to any new heresy.---“*Wanderings of the Human Intellect.*”

* Dr. Doyle's Essay on the Catholic Claims.

† In these perplexing circumstances, the Bishop of Rome must act in a double capacity---as temporal prince, and as spiritual head of entire Christendom. Unhappily, the obligations annexed to his character as head of the church---obligations which have no other object than the interests of religion, the general peace of Christendom, and, consequently, the good of Europe; no other laws than those of charity, justice, and truth; sometimes, by a dereliction of duty incident to human nature, were made subservient to the politic and selfish views of the sovereign. Nor can it be denied that there have been popes, who prostituted alike their temporal and their spiritual power, to promote the interests of their family, or, what is still more scandalous, the gratification of their passions. Such were, undoubtedly, Alexander VI. and Julius II. at the commencement of the sixteenth century. On various pretences taxes had been levied upon ecclesiastical property throughout the west; and the sovereign pontiffs had thus been enabled to draw considerable sums from almost every province throughout Europe. The clergy murmured at this abuse; and, whenever it appeared notorious, that the pope converted the money, thus raised, to purposes merely temporal, France and Germany were in the habit of withholding the supply.

The sovereign pontiffs, moreover, enjoyed many privileges, burdensome both to the people and the clergy, and which, while they filled the treasury at Rome, drained very much those countries whence they flowed; and this at a period when commerce did not supply the deficiency. These odious and oppressive

but let it not be concealed, that they did also some good. Learned themselves, they became the patrons of literature; and the arts, under their influence, obtained their highest state of perfection. Their very zeal, in promoting the interests of the church, tended to the benefit of mankind; and in nothing more so than the encouragement they gave, about this time, to the augmentation of the regular clergy. "With the introduction and astonishing propagation of the orders of Citeaux, Cluni, the Carthusians, and regular canons, multiplied, prodigiously, academies and schools;"* and, with the diffusion of education, civilisation and somewhat regular forms of government sprang up in most nations of Europe. "When the monks," says Collier, "were settled here in the reign of king Edgar, they promoted a general improvement. They were very industrious in restoring learning, and retrieving the country from the remarkable ignorance of those times. Their labours were answered with success: insomuch, that whereas before scarce any secular priest could write or read a Latin epistle, (*Elfric Præf. ad Gram. Sax.*) the face of things was so changed by the endeavours of Dunstan and his master Ethelwald, that in a short time learning was generally restored, and began to flourish. From this period, the monasteries were the schools and seminaries of almost the whole clergy, both *secular* and *regular*. For the universities (if we had more than one), were then very slender *societies*, and the *muses* were confined, as it were, to the cloisters. The monks, thus rising in their figure, made a considerable progress in the restoration of learning. They bred their novices to letters: and to this purpose every monastery had a peculiar college in each of the universities.—And even to the time of their *dissolution*, they maintained a great number of children at school for the service of the church. And, a little before the reformation, many of the great monasteries were *nurseries* of learning. Their superiors were men of distinction this way, and great promoters of their own sufficiency in others. From hence it appears, that the monks deserved a fairer character than is sometimes given them: and that, in the darkest and most exceptionable ages, they were far from being enemies to learning."

England participated in the universal good; and men, having beheld with astonishment and gladness the blessings shed upon the country, were not slow to imbibe unlimited gratitude towards those who were the immediate instruments of such a benign reformation. The sanctity of their lives—the purity of their morals—the excellence of their counsels, and the utility of their labours, secured for the monks the veneration and respect of all classes. Individuals vied with the state in pious liberality, until, at length, the religious houses became almost too wealthy to be useful. Riches superinduced indolence; and the good the monks had effected, led to their own future inefficiency. Religion and education having somewhat softened the manners of man, the barbarous pastime of war ceased to be the business and purpose of life. The sword was transformed into a ploughshare, and the great had to seek other ways, than through human carnage, to fame and opulence. They became cour-

privileges operated the decline of papal power in the west, where it had numbers of determined and very formidable adversaries.----" *Wanderings of the Human Intellect.*"

* Rev. Mr. Bell.

tiers and politicians; and, as the aristocratic institution of entail had now sprung up, the younger branches of noble houses had, through prudential motives, recourse to a profession now honoured and honourable—namely, the church. The plebeian monks and nuns felt proud of the admission of aristocratic brothers and sisters; and the circumstance was regarded as the triumph of religion, and an indication of its all-subduing influence. The interested acts of the great were mistaken for pious zeal and holy fervour; for, to parody a profane allegory, when *ladies* and *gentlemen* entered the doors of monasteries, religion may be said to have flown out at the window. The advocates of the people, and the friends of humanity, became suddenly aristocratic in all their views—they became, in too many instances, aristocratic in their manners; and it is a remarkable fact, that, for two centuries preceding the reformation, the writings of the English monks, at least in the department of polite literature, betray—contrary to the very spirit of Catholicity—an anti-democratic principle. They almost every where speak of the poor with lordly contempt; view them, in fact, as the West India proprietors now view their sable helots. Perhaps the author of *Pierce Plowman* may be regarded as an exception; but let it be remembered, that he draws no very edifying picture of the habits of his brethren. Indeed, satires on monks and nuns were, at this period, highly popular; a very unanswerable argument to prove that the religious had lost the regards of the people.*

Cobbett has lauded the monasteries on political principles, because they served as aristocratic asylums for the undisposable portions of the nobility; and he has here the merit neither of wisdom nor originality, for Collier* has said as much before him. "The advantages," says that Protestant writer, "accruing to the public from these religious houses, were considerable upon several accounts. To mention some of them:—The temporal nobility and gentry had a credible way of providing for their younger children. Those who were disposed to withdraw from the world, or not likely to make their fortunes in it, had a handsome retreat to the cloister. Here they were furnished with conveniences for life and study, with opportunities for thought and recollection; and, over and above, passed their time in a condition not unbecoming their quality. The charge of the family being thus lessened, there was no temptation for racking of tenants, no occasion for breaking the bulk of the estate to provide for younger children. Thus, figure and good housekeeping was maintained with greater ease, the entireness of the estate, and, by consequence, the lasting of the family better secured. 'Tis true, there was sometimes small sums given to the monasteries for admitting persons to be *professed*; but, generally speaking, they received them *gratis*. This they thought most advisable, to cultivate an interest with persons of

* It is to be remarked, that Henry's destruction of the monasteries does not seem to have produced any very strong expression of disapproval among the people; and when distress and suffering drove some counties into insurrection during the reign of Edward VI., the discontented did not require, though nearly all Catholics, the restoration of the religious houses. They only complained of privations, and an alteration in the religious *ceremonies* they had been accustomed to.—See *Lingard*, vol. vii. pp. 57 and 63.

distinction. By this means, they engaged great families to appear for them upon occasion, both in court and in Parliament."

Nor was this the only good monasteries rendered the nobility—they served as asylums not only for the younger children, but for the cast-off servants also. "Lastly," says Collier, "the founders had the benefit of *corrodies*; that is, they had the privilege of quartering a certain number of poor servants upon the abbeys. Thus, people that were worn up with age and labour, and in no condition to support themselves, were not thrown up to starving or *parish collections*, but had a comfortable retreat to the abbeys, where they were maintained, without hardship, or marks of indigence, during life."

Whatever were the cause,* it is unquestionably true that the monasteries had, for some time previous to the reformation, ceased to be as useful as they ought to have been. In England there were about SEVEN HUNDRED religious houses, splendidly endowed; yet the people were sunk in gross ignorance, and immorality prevailed to a tremendous extent. "I grant," says Dr. Milner,† "that there was an increasing spirit of irreligion and immorality amongst different nations, and in none more so than our own, during a considerable time previous to the reformation." The simple question decides the merit of the monks.—Had they, numerous as they were, done their duty—had they acted up to the spirit of their orders—had they continued to walk in the footsteps of their predecessors—would this have been the case?

Protestants err considerably when they suppose—and it is a prevalent opinion—that Catholics are either responsible for, or obliged to defend the conduct of any particular body of religious men; and some Catholics have been TOO sensitive on this point: it may be excusable, but is injudicious; for Catholicity cannot be disserved by truth, though its establishment should prove injurious to the moral character of monks, priests, or pontiffs. Unassailable in her faith, the church has nothing to apprehend from historical disquisitions. On

* Dr. Lingard has admitted, with respect to Scotland, that the cause here assigned was the real one. "Of all the European churches," says he, "there was, perhaps, not one better prepared to receive the seed of the new gospel than that of Scotland. During a long course of years, the highest dignities had, with few exceptions, been possessed by the illegitimate or younger sons of the most powerful families, men who, without learning or morality themselves, paid little attention to the learning or morality of their inferiors. The pride of the clergy, their negligence in the discharge of their functions, and the rigour with which they exacted their dues, had become favourite subjects of popular censure; and when the new preachers appeared, they dexterously availed themselves of the humour of the time, and seasoned their discourses against the doctrines, with invectives against the vices, of the churchmen."

And he subjoins in a note, "James V. had provided for his illegitimate children by making them abbots and priors of Holyrood House, Kelso, Melrose, Coldingham, and St. Andrew's. It may be proper to observe, that these commendatory abbots and priors received the income, but interfered not with the domestic economy of the monastery. Though they seldom took orders, they ranked as clergymen; and, by their vices, contributed to throw an odium on the profession. They became, however, converts to the new doctrines; and thus contrived to secure the lands of their benefices, or an equivalent, to themselves and their posterity."

† Letters to a Prebendary.

the contrary, as we grow worldly wise by experience, a knowledge of former facts must prove of the utmost utility to us, in our progress towards the future.

The Protestant reformation was an event superinduced by the circumstances we have already mentioned, and was matured, with all its hateful consequences, by the temporal power undertaking to protect Catholicism. Were it not for the misconduct of popes and princes, there had been no secession, at least of any moment; and had Catholicity been left to stand by itself, we should not at this day have to plead with English Protestants in behalf of seven million subjects who profess the old religion. Catholics and Protestants should act towards each other with more candour and moderation. There were faults on both sides; the principle of persecution was adopted and acted upon by the professors of the old and new creed; they emulated each other in atrocities; and the reformers, perhaps, out-did their rivals in the bloody work, only because they had the power longer to inflict cruelties. We shall make this apparent. Recrimination is sometimes a work of necessity—of utility; and the hood-winked people of England should be taught, on all possible occasions, that “bloody” Queen Mary was not the only monster who wore an English crown; and that there is no truth in the pretensions so ostensibly made by Protestants to superiority in toleration, in learning, and civil liberty.—Disquisition of this nature must lead to good. Catholics and Protestants must learn alike from them that there is no security for liberty or opinion, as long as governments blasphemously undertake to prescribe creeds for nations. With religion they should have nothing whatever to do; where no religion is prohibited, that which is most conducive to human happiness will be eventually preferred.

The existence of “irreligion and immorality” was enough to make the poor eager for a reformation—not a “Protestant,” but a virtual “reformation,” in the discipline of the church. The great, as usual, thought very little about the matter,* unless when their own

* This appears to be Dr. Lingard's opinion. Speaking of the aristocracy in the reign of Mary, he says: “There were two classes of men from whom he (Gardener) had to fear opposition; those who felt conscientious objections to the authority of the pontiff, and those who were hostile to it from motives of interest. The former were not formidable either by their number or their influence: for the frequent changes of religious belief had generated in the higher classes an indifference to religious truth. Their former notions had been unsettled; and no others had been firmly planted in their place. Unable or unwilling to compare the conflicting arguments of polemics, they floated on a sea of uncertainty, ready at all times to attach themselves to any form of religion which suited their convenience or interest. But the second class comprised almost every opulent family in the kingdom. They had all shared the plunder of the church.”

He subjoins in a note, “This is the character of the English gentry and nobility at this period, as it is drawn by Renard, Noailles, and the Venetian ambassador, in their despatches. The latter represents them as without any other religion than interest, and ready, at the call of the sovereign, to embrace Judaism or Mohammedanism. *Il medesimo fariano della Macometana, ove della Judæa, purché il re mostrassi di credere e volere così, e accomodariansi a tutte, ma a quella piu facilmente della quale ne sperassero over maggior licentia e libertà di vivere o vero qualche utilità.* MSS. Barber. 1208.”

And he remarks that, among the victims which Mary and her atrocious counsellors condemned to the stake, it would be useless to seek for a single indivi-

interests were concerned; and in such cases religion was either altogether forgotten, or conveniently made a stepping-stool of for personal advantage or promotion. But the great bulk of the people can never be indifferent to religion and morality, and accordingly they listened attentively to the preaching of the early reformers. They refused to let the metropolitan bishop imprison Wickliffe, who preached, amongst other things, against tithes; and the versatile Latimer, at first, was the most popular divine of the day: he lashed the vices of the great with an unsparing hand, mingled politics with his prayers, and consequently never wanted numerous auditors. The very boys in the streets were in the habit of following him when on his way to the pulpit, vociferating, "Have at them, *Father Latimer*—have at them!"* The Catholic clergy, however, had no need to oppose zeal to zeal; the law usurped the duty of the priest, and the absurd persecution of the Lollards laid the foundation of the reformation. It is said that these men held immoral and treasonable tenets, and the same was said of the Albigenes; but those who urge these facts as an apology for the persecution they underwent, are not aware that they are stating that which clearly demonstrates the folly and atrocity of the measure. Religious innovators must draw their proselytes from among the poor; and they can have but very partial success, if their tenets are not both austere and moral: unless this be the case, their doctrine is not for this world—nothing but persecution could prolong its existence beyond a year or two. A good laugh would extinguish it—an act of Parliament would make it immortal. Besides, if the doctrine of the Lollards was so mischievous—and we believe it was only absurd—its disciples would soon be brought to their senses at the Old Bailey. There was no need whatever of originating statutes against heresy.

The people, however, though desirous of a more efficient clergy, continued faithful to the church, until they were completely entrapped in the meshes of the first reformers. They were singularly deprived of their religion against their better judgment, and became Pro-

dual of rank, opulence, or importance. They had convenient consciences. It could not be said in this reign:

"Low stoops the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the tower."

* The following is a sample of his pulpit eloquence at a later period:

"Without too much we can get nothing. As for example, the phisition. If the poore man be diseased, he can have no help without too much: and of the lawyer, the poore man can get no counsell, expedition, nor helpe in his matter, except he give him too much. At marchaunts' handes, no kind of ware can be had, except we give for it too much. You landlords, you rentraisers, I may say, you steplordes, you unnaturall lordes, you have for your possessions yearly too much. For that heere before went for 20*l.* or 40*l.* by yeare, (which is an honest portion to bee had *gratis* in one lordshippe, of another man's sweate and labour), now it is let for fifty or one hundred pounds by yeare. Of this too much cometh this monstrous and portentuous dearth made by man, notwithstanding God doth send us plentifully the fruites of the earth mercifully, contrary unto our desertes. Notwithstanding too much, which these rich men have, causeth such dearth, that poore men (which live of their labour) cannot, with the sweate of their face, have a living, all kinde of victuals is so deare, pigs, geese, capons, chickens, egges, &c. These things with other are so unreasonably enhaunsed: and I think verily, that, if this continue, we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pigge a pound."

testants because they relied too much on the fidelity of their teachers. The shepherds completely delivered up their flocks unwittingly to be devoured by the wolves. Undoubtedly there were then some excellent men amongst the clergy; but these form only an exception; and there was but little complaint heard when the ecclesiastics agreed to recognise Henry VIII.'s new title, and acknowledge "his majesty to be the singular protector, the only supreme lord, and also supreme head of the church and clergy of England." It is true they added the qualification, "as far as is consistent with the law of Christ;" but it is equally true that this was cheating the tyrant, and misleading the people: there was but little virtue, and less religion, in the country at the time. The right divine of kings to govern wrong was admitted to its fullest extent, and consequently the principles of toleration and civil liberty were alike unknown.

On the accession of Edward, the interested reformers commenced their work with policy; they laboured to undermine and unsettle the religious belief of the people gradually, knowing that, in the confusion of ignorance, those who have the privilege of giving most tongue would have the most followers. They succeeded, "notwithstanding," says Heylin, "his (the king's) great care to set forth *one uniform order of administering the holy communion in both kinds*; yet so it happened, that, through the perverse obstinacy and froward dissembling of many of the inferior priests and ministers of cathedral and other churches of this realm, there did arise a *marvellous schism* and variety of *fashions* in celebrating the *communion service*, and administration of the sacraments and other rites and ceremonies of the church. For some, zealously allowing the king's proceedings, did gladly follow the orders thereof; and others, though not so willingly, admitting them, did yet dissemblingly and patchingly use some part of them; but many, causelessly contemning them all, would still continue in their former popery."—And Father Parsons still more explicitly says, "What a *Babylonial* confusion, in the two first years of this reign, ensued, upon the innovation in all churches, is wonderful to recount. For some priests said the *Latin* mass, some the *English* communion; some both, some neither; some half of the one, and half of the other. It was very ordinary to say the *introitus* and *confiteor* in *English*, and the *collects* and some other parts in *Latin*; after that again, the *epistles* and *gospels* in *English*; and then the *canon* of the mass in *Latin*; and, lastly, the *benediction* and last gospel in *English*. But that which was of more importance and impiety, some did consecrate bread and wine, others did not, but would tell the people before-hand, that they would not consecrate, but restore to them their bread and wine back again; only adding to it the church's benediction. And those that did consecrate, did consecrate in divers forms: some aloud, some in secret; some in one form of words, some in another. And, after consecration, some held up the host to be adored, after the old fashion, and some did not. And of those that were present, some did kneel down and adore, others did shut their eyes, others turned away their faces, others ran out of the church, crying *Idolatry!*"

Still the great bulk of the people were Catholics; and, on the accession of Mary, the line of demarcation between the new and the old creeds was more distinctly drawn. The moment, however, of

reconciliation was lost; law, and not persuasion, was resorted to; and, as persecution never convinced men, the seceders were only more strongly confirmed in their new doctrines, which even then bore a remarkably close affinity to those of the church of Rome; for the reformation was not the work of a moment—the people were actually cheated out of their religion, and confirmed in their spiritual wanderings by a want of toleration among the Catholics. It is quite true that Mary received many provocations; but all of these which her apologists have enumerated, were cognizable by the civil magistrate, and punishable, as we formerly said, at the Old Bailey, or at the cart's tail. The queen's council, however, thought well to exalt the "preaching cobblers" of the day into the altitude of martyrs, and lost the opportunity of establishing peace in this distracted kingdom. We shall not here repeat the arguments of our predecessor, to show that a separation from Catholicity is not only improbable, but impossible, if men are left to the free exercise of their reason, uninfluenced by resentment or worldly advantage. Whoever weighs dispassionately the events which marked the progress of the reformation, must be convinced, that our Catholic forefathers were not free from blame; and, though their want of toleration, and deficiency in judgment, form no palliation of the hypocrisy and baseness of the chief actors in that great drama, it must beget in the breasts of modern Catholics any feeling but that of hatred or resentment towards their Protestant brethren; while separatists should be candid enough to acknowledge, that Catholicity is not accountable for that conduct which she has uniformly condemned, and which it is her INTEREST to execrate and discountenance. In all ages, Catholics have been found to act upon the principles we are endeavouring to elucidate; and when Henuyer, Bishop of Lisieux, was solicited to execute the atrocious orders of Charles IX. on the Huguenots, his apostolic reply was, "It is the duty of the good shepherd to lay down his life for his flock, and not to let them be slaughtered before his face. These are my sheep, though they have gone astray, and I am resolved to run all hazards in protecting them."

Unfortunately, too few have been actuated by such a spirit as this; and, at the time of the reformation, all parties agreed in the abominable doctrine of persecution. "It was the lot of Mary," says Dr. Lingard, "to live in an age of intolerance, when to *punish the professors of erroneous doctrine was inculcated as a duty*, no less by those who rejected, than by those who asserted the papal authority."—"I will not enter," says Mr. Howard, in an excellent pamphlet just published,* "into the remorseless cruelties which dis-

* "Historical References in Support of the Catholic Religion." We have perused this publication with general satisfaction, and regret that the venerable author has been led to make an admission in the very first page which, if true, would destroy the admirable tendency of the whole work. He labours, and labours successfully, to prove the necessity of unlimited toleration, yet sets out by acknowledging, that "It is no doubt the duty of every good government to *preserve and enforce* morality in the conduct of its subjects, and to *punish* the breach of it. Now, if this were true, all the religious persecutions which have ever taken place were laudable, and all that ever may take place will not be without their justification; for all the innovators in religion have ever been stigmatised as preachers of *immoral* doctrines, &c. &c. Such, we are told, were the Albigenses, the Lollards, &c. &c. The truth is, morality is not very easily defined,

graced Mary's and Elizabeth's reigns: the Protestant and Catholic historians are full of the disgusting details; each seeing the mote and overlooking the beam in the other's eye;—in matters of persecution those two ladies may fairly pair off."

"To proceed," says the same author, "to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.—Immediately on the death of Mary, Nicholas Heath, archbishop of York, and chancellor, summoned the lords and commons; she was proclaimed, and her accession greeted by the acclamations of all parties: of her title there could be no doubt; it had been decided by the statute of the 31st Henry VIII., and she had been acknowledged by her sister as her heir, who sent to her her jewels just before her death. One of the first steps the queen took, was to notify her succession 'by hereditary right and the consent of the nation,' to foreign powers; and Sir Edward Carne, the English ambassador at Rome, had her directions to acquaint the pope that she had succeeded to her sister, and had '*determined to offer no violence to the consciences of her subjects, whatever might be their religious creeds.*' Most unfortunately, Paul IV., a man of haughty and aspiring disposition, who was persuaded of the validity of those claims which had occasioned so much mischief to the world, was still alive; and, though he had, in justice, no more business with Elizabeth's genealogy, and the proceedings of the English nation, than Sir Peter had with Tiberius, he returned, at the instigation of the French ambassador, the meddling and unjustifiable answer—'That he was unable to comprehend the hereditary right of one not born in wedlock; that the Scotch queen claimed the crown as the nearest legitimate descendant of Henry VII., but that, if Elizabeth were willing to submit to his arbitration, she should receive every indulgence from him which justice would allow.' It was in vain that Pius IV., who succeeded to the tiara very soon after, attempted to retrace these steps so offensive to her and the nation; it was too late, and the die was cast. From this deplorable and unjustifiable provocation, all the woes felt by the Catholics to this day derive their source, and to the support of those claims Mary Queen of Scots also owed her misfortunes. I do not believe that Elizabeth was deluded by the same inconsiderate zeal as her sister, though she had imbibed a partiality to the reformers from her infancy; but this most condemnable provocation decided her conduct, and riveted her by interest, wounded feelings, and self-defence, to the reformation; it infused into her mind suspicion and doubts respecting the allegiance of her Catholic subjects, and, by their gradual workings, fixed in it a rooted hatred to their religion, and a determination to extirpate it. Had this happened otherwise, though it appears likely that she would have established the Church of England, she would also probably, and in good policy, have adhered to her promise,—and Catholics would have been left in the undisturbed exercise of their religion, and the possession of their civic rights."

And, had this been the case, Protestantism must, beyond all

and any breach of it will always be sufficiently punished by public opinion, without any interference of government. The great error is in expecting government to do too much. Had we less legislation, the world would be infinitely happier.

doubt, have gradually disappeared; for the clergy by this time had become zealous and efficient.

Having now traced the causes which produced the reformation, and having seen it established in the kingdom, it becomes our next duty to inquire how far the actions of Protestants correspond with their perpetual boast of being the most tolerant and liberty-loving people in the world. The very first act of the reformers was a virtual abandonment of a great national principle. "Hitherto," says Dr. Lingard,* speaking of Edward's coronation, "it had been the custom for the archbishop, first to receive the king's oath to preserve the liberties of the realm, and then to ask the people if they were willing to accept him, and obey him as their liege lord. Now the order was inverted: and not only did the address to the people precede the oath of the king, but in that very address they were reminded, that he held his crown by descent, and that it was their duty to submit to his rule. 'Sirs,' said the metropolitan, 'I here present king Edward, rightful and undoubted inheritor, by the laws of God and man, to the royal dignity and crown imperial of this realm, whose consecration, inunction, and coronation, is appointed by all the nobles and peers of the land to be this day. Will ye serve at this time, and give your good wills and assents to the same consecration, inunction, and coronation, as by your duty of allegiance ye be bound to do?' When the acclamations of the spectators had subsided, the young Edward took the accustomed oath, first on the sacrament, and then on the book of the gospels. He was next anointed after the ancient form: the protector and the archbishop placed on his head successively three crowns, emblematic of the three kingdoms of England, France, and Ireland; and the lords and prelates first did homage two by two, and then in a body promised fealty on their knees. Instead of a sermon, Cranmer pronounced a short address to the new sovereign, telling him, that the promises which he had just made, could not affect his right to sway the sceptre of his dominions. That right he, like his predecessors, had derived from God: whence it followed, that neither the bishop of Rome, nor any other bishop, could impose conditions on him at his coronation, nor pretend to deprive him of his crown on the plea that he had broken his coronation oath. Yet these solemn rites served to admonish him of his duties, which were, 'as God's vicegerent and Christ's vicar, to see that God be worshipped, and idolatry be destroyed; that the tyranny of the bishop of Rome be banished, and images be removed; to reward virtue, and revenge vice; to justify the innocent, and relieve the poor; to repress violence, and execute justice. Let him do this, and he would become a second Josias, whose fame would remain to the end of days.'"

By the way, his sacred majesty was nine years of age, and the historian adds, "The ceremony was concluded with a solemn HIGH MASS, sung by the archbishop!!†

* History of England, vol. vii. p. 9.

† Subsequently the reformers compiled a book of common prayer. "The principle differences," says Dr. Lingard, "between this and the present book of common prayer, are to be found in the prayer of consecration (it contained, in imitation of all the ancient liturgies, these words: 'Hear us, we beseeche thee, and with thy holy spirite and worde vouchsafe to bl x esse and sancti x fie these

His little highness soon began to show his zeal for the new church, by burning some poor devils that dissented from it; and in the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticorum*, we find the principle of religious persecution fully recognised. In this code, excommunication is said to cut off the offender from the society of the faithful, the protection of God, and the expectation of future happiness, and therefore consigns him over to everlasting punishment, and the tyranny of the devil. It was under Elizabeth, however, that the reformers showed the estimation in which they held civil liberty and individual opinion. The Inquisition was now first introduced into England, under the title of High Commission Court;* and, what still casts a greater stigma on the reign of the "virgin queen," was the use of TORTURE—a mode of punishment unknown to our ancestors,† while presumption was allowed to supply the place of evidence.

The Catholics are reproached with intolerance and cruelty! Have the Protestants been more liberal or humane? Mary's counsellors hanged and burned, but Elizabeth's government refined upon the system of the preceding reign; they emulated the conduct of the worst barbarians; and that man must have the heart of a savage, who does not pity the victims of Elizabeth's execrable penal laws. TWELVE HUNDRED English Catholics, at least, perished in this horrible persecution; and, of these, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX were priests, whose only crime was the exercise of their spiritual func-

thy gifts and creatures of bread and wyne, that they may be unto us the bodie and blood of thy most derely beloved sonne), the unctions in baptism and confirmation, the sign of the cross in matrimony, the anointing of the sick, and prayer for the dead. The rubric also, in the communion service, ordered that the bread should be unleavened, that the communicant should receive at the hand of the priest with the mouth, and that one individual at least in each family should communicate every Sunday in person or by proxy, and pay his share of the expense."

* See Rymer, Strype, Hume, Lingard, &c. &c.

† Sir John Fortescue, chancellor and chief justice in the time of Henry VI., addressing the king, his former pupil, says, "The common law knew of no such engine of power as the rack or torture, to furnish the crown with evidence out of the prisoner's mouth against himself or other people." This, therefore, does not belong to Catholic times.—See Fortescue *de Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, and Foster's *Crown Law*, p. 224.—Lord Coke also says, that it was "directly against law;" (3rd Institute;) and the Judges in the time of Charles I. unanimously declared it to be so. Lord Burleigh, in his *Execution of Justice*, defends the practice, but says, that "The wardens, whose office and art it is to handle the rack, were specially charged to use it in a charitable manner." Campian, however, when brought to trial, required assistance to enable him to raise up his dislocated right arm when he pleaded not guilty. See his trial, and remark, that the torture was applied not only before conviction, but often long before trial, and also without bringing the sufferer to any trial, whilst our laws deem all persons so situated innocent: thus using it as a means of extorting answers to be turned into accusations "against themselves or other people." In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a person called Norton had a regular appointment under government, by the name of *Rackmaster*. See manuscript *Life of the Earl of Arundel*. Privy councillors attended and directed its use, and were also regularly deputed to attend the execution of priests and other Catholics, who were often quartered alive. Daniel Barbaro, in the report he makes to the Senate of Venice, on his return from his embassy to Edward VII., in 1551, states, also, that in England torture is illegal.—See *Lansdowne Manuscripts*.

tions. On these unfortunate divines fell the heavy vengeance of the Protestants: they were nearly all first tortured,* then hanged, and emboweled before life had been extinguished, sometimes before they had been deprived of the use of speech. Among these, was Father Campion, who wrote a sort of History of Ireland; and the amiable Father Southwell, a man who must have escaped the fangs of the tyrants, had they any feelings of reverence for virtue, or admiration for decidedly the sweetest poet of the age. His merits have at length caused even Protestants to do him justice. Mr. Ellis has rescued some of his minor pieces from oblivion; and a writer in the *Retrospective Review* has done justice to his genius, and stigmatized his persecutors. A Protestant bookseller, not long since, republished his "Tears of Mary Magdalen."

But did the persecution cease on the death of Elizabeth? Alas! no; nor has it yet subsided. Protestant intolerance is yet the disgrace of England, and Catholic disabilities her greatest reproach. Yet "it is," to use the words of Dr. Milner, "carefully concealed from the knowledge of the public, that Catholics have suffered persecution in this very country to a much greater degree than they have inflicted it; and that even the various sects of Protestants have persecuted each other on account of their religious differences, to the extremity of death." And, he very properly adds, "I complain

* The following were the kinds of torture chiefly employed in the Tower:

1°. The rack was a large open frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was laid under it, on his back, on the floor: his wrists and ankles were attached by cords to two rollers at the ends of the frame: these were moved by levers in opposite directions, till the body rose to a level with the frame. Questions were then put; and, if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer was stretched more and more till the bones started from their sockets.

2°. The scavenger's daughter was a broad hoop of iron, so called, consisting of two parts, fastened to each other by a hinge. The prisoner was made to kneel on the pavement, and to contract himself into as small a compass as he could. Then the executioner, kneeling on his shoulders, and having introduced the hoop under his legs, compressed the victim close together, till he was able to fasten the extremities over the small of his back. The time allotted to this kind of torture was an hour and a half, during which time it commonly happened, that, from excess of compression, the blood started from the nostrils; sometimes, it was believed, from the extremities of the hands and feet. See Bartoli, 250.

3°. Iron gauntlets, which could be contracted by the aid of a screw. They served to compress the wrists, and to suspend the prisoner in the air, from two distant points of a beam. He was placed on three pieces of wood, piled one on the other, which, when his hands had been made fast, were successively withdrawn from under his feet. "I felt," says F. Gerard, one of the sufferers, "the chief pain in my breast, belly, arms, and hands. I thought that all the blood in my body had run into my arms, and began to burst out at my finger ends. This was a mistake; but the arms swelled till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended an hour, I fainted: and when I came to myself, I found the executioners supporting me in their arms: they replaced the pieces of wood under my feet; but as soon as I was recovered, removed them again. Thus I continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times." Apud Bartoli, 418.

4°. A fourth kind of torture was a cell called "little ease." It was of so small dimensions, and so constructed, that the prisoner could neither stand, walk, sit, or lie in it at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remained during several days.

much more of the information that is withheld from the public, than of that which is communicated to it, even through a false and magnifying medium. For, if they knew the whole truth,—I mean the violence that has been exercised on both sides, it would be impossible to excite their indignation exclusively against one party; and the most prejudiced and inveterate persons would be obliged to enter into those terms of mutual forgiveness, which the Catholics do and must so sincerely wish to see established; for the most avaricious creditor is forced to cancel his bond, when he finds that his debtor has a legal demand upon him to the full amount of it."

If any good has resulted from the Protestant reformation, the advancement of civil liberty is not one of them. "I will show," says Mr. Howard, "by numerous and illustrious examples, chiefly taken from Protestant historians, that there is no country that either does now or has enjoyed any freedom, that has not derived it from a foundation laid in Catholic times. As for our own constitution, if we extract from it what is of Catholic origin, we shall see how little remains to the Protestants' share, beyond some statutes to enforce the execution of pre-existing laws.* As Catholics, we claim, in England, a right to our liberties as the founders; we owe to our patriotic and most popular kings, when in the plenitude of their power, the establishment of our municipal laws and free institutions. Alfred organized our common law, the trial by jury, and the subdivision, internal polity, and jurisprudence of our counties; the government of those is nearly republican, and forms the great security and bulwark of our liberties: to him and to our Saxon ancestors we are indebted for that admirable system of election,† of requisition and of obligation to perform gratuitously, and under responsibility, such offices as are required in a civilized state of society. By

* "The Habeas Corpus Act, and the Petition of Right and Declaration of Rights, as the debates of the times will show, are nothing more than declaratory laws, supporting by statute that which was before the known law of the realm. The act to prevent the judges being removable at pleasure, of the 13th of Wm. III., was certainly a very great good then obtained, which had been left short at the revolution. Counsel allowed in cases of high treason, and greater decision as to the rights of juries, appear to me to be the principal improvements of more modern times. I admit that our most valuable institutions have been more permanently secured by the revolution, and under the Protestant government of this country, but it is also true that the great downfall of those free institutions, and the most effectual steps taken towards arbitrary sway, were also made since the Protestant religion became that of the country. When it is affectedly asserted, that danger might arise to our constitutional rights by the admission of Catholics to the free enjoyment of them, I would ask any one, what steps a Catholic could take against our liberties, that he would not know and feel were in direct opposition to all the institutions of his Catholic ancestors? See Blackstone's beautiful eulogium on our ancient constitution and municipal laws, vol. i. c. i., and vol. iii. pp. 120 and 123; and Grey's debates on the Petition of Right, and Habeas Corpus Act; also Coke's Institutes.—Fortescue de Laudibus Legum Angliæ, &c. &c."

† "It will be recollected that even the sheriffs and the justices of the peace were elected by the freeholders, as the coroner now is, till the close of the reign of Edward II.; and, when we reflect that the lords lieutenant of counties formed no part of the constitution, and were only introduced by Edward VI., we may judge how much more democratic our internal government then was."

their judicious foresight and generous nurture, the seed of genuine liberty and of free law was so deeply set in this soil, that, notwithstanding the barbarous state of the world, the conquests of the country by the Danes and by the Normans, and our civil wars and disputed successions, the plant could never be entirely smothered or rooted out, but ever burst forth, in calmer times; and, though sometimes cut down, and often stunted, withstood all storms, and grew into that glorious civic oak, which now protects and shadows the Protestants of this country.

"Three centuries later than Alfred, our barons, with all ranks of the people, headed by Archbishop Langton and the clergy, compelled King John, though supported by the Pope of that day, to confirm those ancient laws and rights, and sign the great charter.* They stood to it afterwards, notwithstanding the devastation of the whole country, the blood that was shed, and the tortures that were inflicted by the foreign mercenaries introduced by the king, till they were reduced to the desperate remedy of calling in the French; but this, by the death of the tyrant, and the concessions of his successor, was fortunately never carried into full effect.—Had these Catholics no feeling for civil liberty? did they not know how to distinguish between the tenets and duties of their religion, and the arrogant pretensions of Innocent III?† Do not our hearts beat high, and join with those men in their shouts of exultation on the plains of Runnymede? Yet were they to return to life, that exultation would now give way to the forlorn feelings of the proscribed.‡"

And in his excellent pamphlet he demonstrates, from historical facts, the truth of the opinions we have published within these two months. "When we look," says he, "to the history of other countries, we cannot fail to observe, that the power of sovereigns was more circumscribed throughout Europe before the sixteenth century, than it has been since the reformation; and this, at least, proves that the love of civil liberty was not particularly infused by the change of religion."

* "By the most tenacious perseverance, this famous record of our liberties, aided by every sacred rite that could be devised to give it force, permanence, and respect, was confirmed in thirty-two different Parliaments, from anno 1215 to 1300.—See Coke, Hume, Blackstone, &c."

† "It is singular that though all the writers of the time belonged to the clergy, not one word of approbation is given either to King John or the Pope by any of them, notwithstanding his alliance with the holy see."

‡ "In the reign of Edward III. (1366), Urban V. demanded the arrears of the sum granted by King John to the Pope as an acknowledgment that he held the crown in fealty of the holy see. The king referred the subject to Parliament, and the prelates having, by permission, consulted in private, returned for answer, 'That neither King John, nor any other person, could subject the kingdom to another power, without the consent of the nation.' This was readily adopted by the king, the temporal lords, and the commons, and the question was settled for ever.—See Parliamentary Rolls, 11, 289, 295; and Parliamentary History."

MR. FRANK FEGAN'S FAMILIAR EPISTLES.—NO. III.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In this page you behold me at work again. It is strange that my own feelings, at the present moment, have strongly impressed upon my mind the truth of an observation, that I have heard some person make with regard to the Irish people. Some of those homebred calumniators, that are to be met with in every mixed company, had been abusing my poor countrymen, and charging them with every imperfection under Heaven, more particularly with the sin of idleness:—"They *are* idly given," said the person alluded to. But, why should they be industrious? They have no encouragement,—no motive!" So has it been hitherto with your friend Fegan. I was a mere literary drone; my great powers—my vast intellectual stores, were running to waste, and, with the exception of my laboured philological work (which I intended leaving in MS. for posterity), I would have passed away from life without achieving any thing worthy of note. Your publisher, however, has given me a motive for labour—an excitement to industry; the roused giant puts forth his strength;—the literary leviathan is afloat in his own proper element; and—the world shall wonder at the result!! "Fifteen guineas a sheet!" said Mrs. Fegan; "think of the matter, my dear Frank! It would defray the extra expense of a summer's lodging at Dunleary!"—"By the powers!" said I, "Mrs. Fegan, you are right!" and to work I went.

Before this reaches you, our glorious little agitator, Shiel, will know his doom. At the present moment, when every thing is unsettled, he stands, calm and determined, prepared to meet the worst. Persecution may add to his well-earned popularity; but God defend him from the fate of Hugh Fitzpatrick, and of John Magee. Some of his enemies are busy in anticipating an exhibition in the pillory, or degradation from his rank as a barrister: in both these points I trust they will be disap-point-ed. The public, or the reading portion of the people, literally idolize him;—I don't speak of the mere mob: they, in truth, hardly know him (except by name), for he has scorned to court them. In a late number, you speak of Shiel as compared with Curran. I, for one, love the memory, and admire the splendid remains of that great genius; but, at Shiel's age, what had he achieved? Think of the variety of the topics touched on by the latter; bear in recollection the frequency of his exhibitions, and then draw a parallel. He is, in reality, an extraordinary being; his pen has enriched the dramatic literature of our times, and his eloquence has shed a sort of melancholy brilliancy around the fallen fortunes of his country. He appears to have embraced the cause of the oppressed with a species of desperate enthusiasm;—he stands, at this moment, before the world as a living reproach. On the insane and abominable system that degrades the millions of Ireland, we hear him—we view him—we catch his "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" and the reflection comes—it must come, that, to brand a creature, so gifted, with aught of inferiority,—to say that such a man is unfitted to enjoy the privileges of a free citizen, is, to speak in the mildest manner of it, a libel on the character of the age, and an insult to common sense.

The saints of Kildare Place have had their annual meeting. Of their report I cannot speak, because I scorned to read it; and why? Actually from a strong belief of these reports containing, in general, any thing but the truth. I place no reliance whatever on their statements or their calculations. This opinion of mine is not founded upon a mere idle prejudice,—it comes from my recollection of some of their former transactions. The speeches, however, were of the usual length, and, as usual, characterized by bigotry, calumny, and falsehood. Good heavens! what a farce it is, to behold these saintly ones affecting a regard for the welfare of the Irish people, while, in the face of the world, they stand forth to “filch” from them that which is the most precious of all things in life,—I mean their “good name.” No, my dear editor! never be weak enough to let one of these specious hyper-philantrophists impose on you; *they do not like the Irish people:—they do not love their country*;—they detest the old religion of the land; and they detest the people, because they appear attached to this religion. Their country is their gloomy meeting-house, and their feelings of kindness are confined to those who frequent it. A wool-brain’d being, a Captain Connolly, alias Pakenham, a sprig of nobility by the way, piously condescended to expose himself at this meeting. After repeatedly exhibiting what he called his “moral standard,” he proceeded in sober seriousness to trace the deterioration of character, which, he says, the butter of Ireland has recently sustained,—to what? Could you guess it? Why, verily, to the influence of Popery!!—Butter and Popery! Churning and Catholicity! Dairy-maids and Divinity! Lord! what an incongruous combination. I would not quarrel, however, with this doughty captain, for being merely silly! that is the fault of the creature’s head! but the stuff that followed this buttermilk episode showed the bitterness of the heart. In one sweeping sentence he describes his countrymen as a brutal, immoral, and degraded race,—the most immoral and degraded race in existence!! Oh! my good captain! could your sire, Admiral Pakenham, only speak out, he would have told you, that it was to this immoral and degraded set of men he owed his rank and his fortune! It was a portion of this degraded race that guided his ship through and through the French line, in (I believe) the year 1794! Let not these personages, however easy and impudent, as they are, be mistaken; the terms, ignorance, and brutality, and darkness, when introduced by them, are not to be taken in their ordinary acceptation,—they are, literally, what I call sanctified slang. These “serious people,” my dear editor, would mark even *you* down as a “poor benighted creature,” because you chanced to be unacquainted with their holy technicalities! If you happen to be ignorant of the laws of “regeneration,”—if you are not deep in the puzzling doctrine of “election and reprobation,” you know nothing. They have marked out a little corner of the spiritual world for themselves,—a sunny spot,—a Goshen, and, beyond the line of demarcation which they have drawn, there all is horrible; “an howling wilderness,”—a place of desolation!!

This impudent and ridiculous cant brought to my recollection a story that is, at least, one hundred years old,—a story that you must often have heard:—A Greenland chieftain once visited London; he was a lion for the time, and was run after, and courted, and stared at,

and entertained. He returned, at last, to his native land. He described what he had seen : the splendour of the modern Babylon ; the palaces he had entered, and the feasts that he had shared ;—but he concluded by saying, that, amidst all this luxury, the Londoners had never tasted blubber ! “ Poor creatures ! ” cried the Greenlanders ; “ wretched beings ! how can they exist without blubber ! ” In this way do the saints decide on the character of others.

You have read the proceedings of the Catholic Association, with regard to the expulsion of Cobbett's Register ;—you have, no doubt, read them as I have done, “ more in sorrow than in anger.” Where ? where is public consistency ? Where is prudence ? Where is common sense ? Not to be found, certainly, in the majority of public assemblies. O'Connell's heart was bent upon carrying this silly question ; and, in every meeting of Catholics, he is sure to carry any question. But, indeed, he ought to have left this mischievous motion in the hands of the person with whom it originated, and under whose management it would have died quietly. By the way, it were to be wished, that the same anxiety had been shown about poor Bric's *life*, that is now evinced with regard to his *memory*. The leader has, in this transaction, given a proof, if any fresh proof were wanted, of his utter unfitness for the station that he has assumed in the direction of Catholic affairs. *He is a powerful partisan—an indefatigable promoter of local excitement ; but he is not, by any means, the person to be entrusted with the management of a great national question.* The grasp of his intellect is (notwithstanding the possession of positive talent) too narrow ;—his feelings, like the feelings of ordinary men, are too easily wrought upon. Soothed, elated, or irritated, by passing trifles, he allows self, and the ideas connected with self, to mingle too deeply with the principles and feelings that ought to actuate him, in his public capacity, as the chosen advocate of a nation. Mr. O'Connell might, with good reason, feel angry and disgusted at the tone of heartless ferocity assumed by the old bone-grubber, in speaking of his friend. He might quarrel with Cobbett, and cease to read his Register, but what right had Mr. O'Connell to involve the whole Catholic body in the quarrel ? What right had he to insist on their adopting all his likings or aversions. I know that, even these calm observations, coming as they do from a friend, will be displeasing and unpalatable ; for, let him say what he will, he is not the man that can bear censure, take advice, or endure opposition. His motto is, “ He that is not for me (through thick and thin), is against me.” He and his knot of followers are too ready to hunt down any one who dares to differ with them even on minor points. But Frank Fegan's hands will not be bound up : he will boldly advocate the cause of his country and his countrymen ; but he will not bind himself to any peculiar point, or subscribe to the political creed or the temporary vagaries of any man, or set of men. Where the association has a regularly pensioned servant or agent writing for them,—such, for instance, as Eneas M'Donnell, they have a right to insist on his publishing nothing that they could disapprove of. But what right have they to control Cobbett, or the Morning Herald, or the Times, or the Morning Chronicle. The papers in question owe but little to the Catholics ; the obligation, in fact, is entirely on the other side. Yet Cobbett and others, forsooth, must measure their expressions, or the “ leaders”

will become pettish. This is the extreme of political silliness. Let the Catholics take the advice of a well-wisher; let them be thankful when an English journal gives them a good word; and be good-tempered and patient, when they meet with any thing of the contrary description: the latter may often proceed from ignorance or mistake, but it should never be made the ground of a quarrel.

The dinner given to Dawson, of Louth, by the friends of freedom, was a cheering and splendid thing; the viands and the speeches were all of the first order. To be serious, however, I do like these direct manifestations of public feeling in favour of those individuals, who have little else beyond their innate love of what is right, to support them in their struggle with rank, wealth, corruption, and bigotry.

You have heard of the *almost sanguinary* affair between Mr. Sheriff Yates and Mr. Ex-perpetual Sub-Sheriff Mansfield. The quarrel, when announced, produced a most awful sensation; but, after all, the pluck shown by the quarrelling parties was, as Mathews would say, "awful small." Each of the great functionaries seemed to be playing the part of the countryman in the fair, crying, "Who'll come, hould me! who'll hould me?" Their mutual friends were apprized of their deadly object—their ladies were alarmed, and all the police had a day's notice of contemplated bloodshed.

The English periodicals for February are rather entertaining, particularly the old and new *Monthly*; the *Monthly Review*, I perceive, has got into the hands of an Irishman—of an Irishman, who is equal to the task of conducting it. A new organ of bigotry has been started in Dublin—a saintly magazine; Westley and Tyrrell are the publishers. I have as yet only seen the table of contents.

In the musical way, things are going altogether to the devil. The success of "Buy a Broom," and "The Lover's Mistake," has drawn forth from their hiding-places crowds of candidates for lyrical celebrity; where will this nonsense end? Creatures, who cannot write half a page of endurable verse (I don't say poetry), are *dabs* at a song. I have been looking through the music shops, and what do I see—

"Hurra! for the Emerald Isle."---By Butler, Danvers, Esq.

"Be wise, and never take a Wife."---Ditto. ditto.

"Woman, with three times three, in a bumper."---Empson, Esq.

---With shoals of sing-song nonsense, by T. H. Bayley, Esq. and P. J. Hodgson, Esq.

Now, who, in the name of wonder, ever heard of any of these good folks before? If any of them possessed talent, they have concealed it with most miraculous address. I've a huge mind to beat out "Buy a Broom," by another cry that annoys me here—I mean the cry of "Black Turf." Your Cockney readers, and your publisher, will allow me to sound it tuff:

Oh! who hasn't heard of the peat
That the ragged ones cry through the street,
In basket or kish;

Faith it makes a good dish---
It's a dish that the wild Irish eat,

It's a dish that the wild Irish eat.

In a voice that's all husky and gruff,
 The barrow-men roar out "Black Tuff:---(turf.)
 But twenty a penny,
 For dinners, too many;
 For me just the half is enough---enough.

For me, &c.

—I've been interrupted by a damned good friend, whom my maid, Ann, let in without my permission; so here my letter must end.

I have this moment perused a rigmarole scrap of Sir H. Lees, in the *Saunders*—he says, "No jury can, on their oaths, accuse Shiel of sedition;" this, from the father of the ascendancy-men, is satisfactory.

Your's, as usual,

Mount Street, Dublin.

FRANCIS FEGAN.

BUTLER'S REMINISCENCES.*

MR. CHARLES BUTLER, the Catholic conveyancer of Lincoln's Inn, is one of those amiable septuagenarians, who are happily well pleased with themselves, and who, are perhaps, not a whit too well pleased with the world, whatever their good nature may say to the contrary. The reminiscent—by which title Mr. Butler designates himself throughout the work before us, is a remarkable instance of what incessant study can accomplish, without the aid of any considerable quantum of talent; and, perhaps, the possession of greater abilities could not have made him more useful as a member of society, or more deservedly esteemed as an author. The English *Roscus* himself was not fonder of giving and receiving flattery. "What a commerce was his whilst he got and he gave." Were we to draw our conclusion solely from Mr. Butler's writings, we should, inevitably, be compelled to say, that he dislikes nothing in this world but radicalism and Ireland. Brougham and Eldon are alike treated to a compliment; while the Duke of Wellington, as in duty bound, receives a large portion of unmeaning laudation. Pitt and Fox are described as entitled to equal gratitude, and, in short, all public men appear to be, and have been, favourites with our "Reminiscent."

Though not quite as old as our author, we have lived long enough, however, in society, to be convinced that your super-civil gentleman is not always sincere; and Mr. Butler himself, we suspect, ought to know, before this time, that the praises of a general panegyrist are not much esteemed by any. His *Reminiscences* betray the secret: the counsellor is not satisfied with the return he has received for his studied commendations; and, perhaps, with an excusable vanity, he prints some fulsome letters from Dr. Parr, for no other apparent purpose than to show, that a self-satisfied pedagogue preferred the "Reminiscent's" talents and writings to those of Dr. Milner!† He has also, lest the world should forget his merits, taken care to remind us

* London. Murray. 1822---7.

† "Oh! Mr. Butler," says the doctor, "*it pains me to associate your ILLUSTRIOUS NAME with that of Milner.*" Now turn to Parr's letter to Dr. Milner, and say, whether he was not a hypocrite.

of his literary labours, by devoting a chapter or more to each work in the volumes before us. The aged love to talk of themselves.

It was the misfortune of the conductors of the former series of this publication to differ with Mr. Butler, or, rather, to accuse him of certain omissions in his epitome of the literature of the middle ages;* but let not the Reminiscent, or his friends, suppose, that we are therefore angry or insensible to Mr. Butler's merits as an author or a man. We, in common with his cotemporaries, bear willing testimony to his amiable manners and inoffensive life; and, perhaps, value more highly than many among the Catholic body, the vast utility of his writings. We believe that his religious brethren of England are more indebted to him than to any layman living; and there can be no doubt, that his different and numerous publications have greatly contributed to disarm the prejudices of Protestants. They are read, we know, where no other Catholic work finds admission; and it is an undoubted fact, that they are indebted for this privilege to the estimation in which the author's character is held, and the excellent style of controversy in which they are all written. We would, in preference to any other in the English language, or in any other language, put his "*Book of the Roman Catholic Church*," into the hands of Protestants. It is, decidedly, Mr. Butler's ablest production.

Mr. Butler, with the exception of the celebrated juriconsult, Jeremy Bentham, is the most vigorous old man living. At Catholic meetings he is to be seen restless and active; a good joke throws him into risible convulsions; and, though his articulation is impaired, he speaks with zeal, and with somewhat of animation. The accusation of a patriotic "counsellor" not long since, at the "*Crown and Anchor*," threw him into a fit of virtuous indignation; and we confess we liked him the better for the good solid thump he gave the table opposite the accuser, as he pronounced the word "*false!*"—The look and language of hoary wisdom confounded the intemperate "*barrister*," and really, however pardonable, we thought Mr. Butler seemed a very different man from the mild Christian controversialist, which our fancy had pictured him. On that day we thought he walked with more than wonted dignity to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

Mr. Butler is, and we lament it, the worst gossip we ever listened to; for, though a public man for more than half a century, he has given us, in these "*Reminiscences*," very few anecdotes of his cotemporaries, and, what is still more strange, he has said hardly any thing of himself. In fact, the two volumes are filled with essays—some very interesting, on various subjects, and with very modest critiques on his own works. We have read all these, but confess we would have been much more pleased, had the contents of the work corresponded with its title—had the "*Reminiscent*" let us a little more

* In the second volume of the *Reminiscences*, he has alluded to his life of Erasmus; but has shown no disposition to atone for the shameful omission we pointed out—and which has since been ably pointed out, by Mr. Eneas M'Donnell. Mr. Butler's antipathy to Ireland is singular; he extends it to Irishmen. Grattan he ranks only in the secondary class of orators; and, in enumerating the living poets, he makes no mention of Moore! Perhaps this was from want of poetical taste; and he has evinced how deficient he is in that, by preferring Scott to Byron! Gray, he says, is a greater favourite than Goldsmith.

into his "secrets." He has left us completely in the dark respecting his public and private life; and, though his domestic hearth ought to be secret from inquisitive intrusion, we should like to get a peep at the happiness that ever meets him at home, on his retiring from his chambers. But, as we have no right to this gratification, we must be content with the intellectual dishes before us, and we invite the reader to partake of the feast, assuring him that he shall be helped to the very few tit-bits that the literary table of the "Reminiscent" can furnish.

The first volume appeared in 1822, and the second has only just been published. In the former, we learn that the "Reminiscent" is a student *con amore*:

"It is pleasing to him to reflect, that, though few have exceeded him in the love of literature, or pursued it with greater delight, it never seduced, or was suspected by his professional friends of seducing him, for one moment, from professional duty. M. Teissier, in his account of one of the French *jurisconsults*, noticed in his *Éloges*, mentions, that 'he was so absorbed in his literary pursuits, that his wife was frequently obliged to drag him from his library to his bureau.' To this necessity, the loved and revered person, to whom the Reminiscent owes thirty-seven years of happiness, was never exposed.

"Very early rising,—a systematic division of his time,—abstinence from all company, and from all diversions not likely to amuse him highly,—from reading, writing, or even thinking, on modern party politics,—and, above all, never permitting a bit or scrap of time to be unemployed,—have supplied him with an abundance of literary hours. His literary acquisitions are principally owing to the rigid observance of four rules:—to direct his attention to one literary object only at a time;—to read the best book upon it, consulting others as little as possible;—where the subject was contentious, to read the best book on each side;—to find out men of information, and, when in their society, to listen, not to talk.

"The produce of his literary labours has appeared in the publications, which these pages, *opus senile*, will be found to mention. It is a great satisfaction to him to reflect, that none of his writings contain a single line of personal hostility to any one."

At an early age he evinced a passion for literature, and received the rudiments of education at a Catholic school, which then existed, by connivance, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis; after which, he went to Douay, one of the English Catholic seminaries on the Continent:

"The design of all these institutions was to educate, for the ecclesiastical state, a succession of youths, who might afterwards be sent on the English mission. The Catholic gentry availed themselves of them for the education of their children. They were excellently instructed in their religion; the classics were well taught, but the main object of them being to form members for the church, they were not calculated to qualify the scholars, either for business, the learned professions, or the higher scenes of life. Writing, arithmetic, and geography, were little regarded in them; modern history was scarcely mentioned, and little attention paid to manners.

"But every care was taken to form the infant mind to religion and virtue: the boys were secluded from the world; every thing that could inflame their imagination or passions was kept at a distance; piety, somewhat of the ascetic nature, was inculcated; and the hopes and fears, which Christianity presents, were incessantly held in their view. No classic author was put into their hands, from which every passage, describing scenes of love or gallantry, or tending, even in the remotest degree, to inspire them, had not been obliterated. How this was done, may be seen by any person, who will inspect father Juvenci's excellent editions of Horace or Juvenal. Few works of English writers were permitted to

be read; none, which had not been similarly expurgated. The consequence was, that a foreign college was the abode of innocence, learning, and piety."

The following is one of those mischievous clap-traps which Mr. Butler ought to be above resorting to. He must know in his heart that the concluding assertion is absolutely false: it is unworthy of a man pretending to information:

"It should be mentioned, that, notwithstanding their exile and persecutions, the hearts of the English scholars, educated in these foreign colleges, remained truly English. This was frequently observed by those, among whom they were domiciliated. During the war, which was closed by the peace of Paris, every victory, which the English gained over the French, was a triumph to the English boys; their superiors were, more than once, admonished by the magistrates and their friends, not to make their joy on these occasions too noisy. The salutary and incontrovertible truth, that one Englishman can, any day, beat two Frenchmen, was as firmly believed, and as ably demonstrated, at Douay and St. Omer's, as it could be at Eton or Winchester."

On his return from college, the inns of court exclusively occupied his attention; until he became, we believe, one of the most expert conveyancers in England. His first literary essay was on "Houses of Industry,"* and the next, on "Impressing Seamen," in which he justifies the measure on the principles of the constitution. Happy constitution! He also became editor of some law treatises, and published "*Horæ Juridicæ Subserviæ*;" which was followed by "*Horæ Biblicæ*," and a "*History of the German Empire*:" these all evince an extensive acquaintance with books. But his best known work was, "*Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics*." His *Memoirs of Bosseut, Fenelon, &c.* are very well in their way. Following these, came his "*Reminiscences*," which was to be his last; but Southey's *Book of the Church* having provoked him to a contest, he again appeared in print, and, certainly, never with greater advantage: his "*Vindication*" followed; previous to which, he favoured us with the life of Erasmus; and, within the present season, with one of the volumes before us, and a life of Grotius, to which we shall endeavour shortly to do justice. Having now laid before the reader all the particulars which Mr. Butler has chosen to reveal of himself, we shall proceed to make a few extracts from the second volume of *Reminiscences*, the author having transported into it all the good things which were to be found in the first. Speaking of Mr. Fox, Mr. Butler says:

* The following will illustrate all we have recently written on the English peasantry. Then, as well as now, the "informed" part of the public knew little or nothing about the state of the English poor:—"The success of the plan," says Mr. Butler, "appeared to him problematical; he recollects that he then began to entertain an opinion, which now seems general, that, in the whole system of the poor laws, there is something radically, but incurably wrong. A gentleman, on whose authority he can depend, told him, that Mr. Pitt, being on a visit in Essex, descanted, with great satisfaction, on the prosperous state of the country, and particularly on the comfortable condition of the poor. His host let the discourse drop, but contrived that, on the following day, Mr. Pitt should walk into the adjoining town of Halsted. It presented a spectacle of the utmost poverty and wretchedness. He surveyed it for some time in wonder and silence, and then declared, that he had no conception that England presented, in any part of it, such a scene: he made a liberal donation to its distressed inhabitants, and soon afterwards brought into Parliament a bill for the relief of the poor."

"On one occasion he desired the Reminiscent to attend him, for the purpose of conferring, as he condescended to say, on Catholic emancipation. He asked the Reminiscent, 'What he thought was the best ground on which it could be advocated?' The Reminiscent suggested it to be, that 'it is both unjust and detrimental to the state, to deprive any portion of its subjects of their civil rights on account of their religious principles, if these are not inconsistent with moral or civil duty.'—'No, sir!' Mr. Fox said, with great animation, 'that is not the best ground; the best ground, and the only ground, to be defended in all points, is, that *action*, not *principle*, is the object of law and legislation; with a person's principles, no government has any right to interfere.'—'Am I then to understand,' said the Reminiscent, wishing to bring the matter at once to issue, by supposing an extreme case,—'that, in 1713, when the houses of Brunswick and Stuart were equally balanced, a person publishing a book, in which he attempted to prove that the house of Hanover *unlawfully* possessed the British throne, and that all who obeyed the reigning prince were *morally* criminal, ought not to be punished by law.'—'Government,' said Mr. Fox, 'should answer the book, but should not set its officers upon its authors.'—'No,' he continued, with great energy, and, rising from his seat, 'the more I think of the subject, the more I am convinced of the truth of my position: *action*, not *principle*, is the true object of government.' In his excellent speech for the repeal of the test, Mr. Fox adopted this doctrine in its fullest extent; and enforced and illustrated it with an admirable union of argument and eloquence.

"On a further occasion, the Reminiscent took the liberty,—he hopes his readers will believe he did it with the utmost respect,—to renew the conversation. 'Does not your doctrine,' he said to Mr. Fox, 'turn on the much agitated question of Matter and Spirit? If you *impel* the hand of a man, who holds in it a knife, into the side of another, and the knife enters it and kills him, you are guilty of murder; if you write a book, which *induces* a man to thrust a knife into the side of another, are you not equally guilty?'—'You are,' replied Mr. Fox; 'but the jury must find,—first, that the act was done; secondly, that your book was written with an intention of inducing the person to do it; and, thirdly, that he did the act in consequence of your book.'"

The superiority of Fox's mind is here very apparent: his principle is unassailable. In the following, however, he appears to less advantage:

"It was the good fortune of the Reminiscent to have the honour of spending a day *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Fox, at St. Ann's Hill. The Reminiscent mentioned, what certainly was of no consequence, that 'he had never read Adam Smith's celebrated work on the *Wealth of Nations*.'—'To tell you the truth,' said Mr. Fox, 'nor I either. There is something in all these subjects which passes my comprehension—something so wide, that I could never embrace them myself, or find any one who did.'"

Had he studied Smith a little, however, he would have avoided those blunders in legislation, which Mr. Moore has so eloquently commented upon in his life of Sheridan. And, speaking of Sheridan, our "Reminiscent" has the following:

"No compositions are less formed, than those of Mr. Sheridan, to be compared with the character of the Panthéon; but some 'domes of modern hands—some idle toils of state,' are exquisitely pretty and brilliant. With the best of these, some compositions of Mr. Sheridan, may be justly thought to bear an analogy. The Reminiscent once read to Mr. Sheridan the finest specimen of his poetry, his *Epilogue to Semiramis*. 'O! why did I not,' he exclaimed, 'uniformly addict myself to poetry; for *that* I was designed!'—'But then,' said the Reminiscent, 'would you have been the admiration of the senate? Would London have emptied itself to hear your philippic on Mr. Hastings? Would you have been the intimate of Mr. Fox? Would you have been received, as doing honour to it, at Devonshire House?'—'What,' he replied, 'has all this done for

me? What am I the better for the admiration of the senate, for Mr Fox, for Devonshire House? I have thrown myself away. But you shall see to-morrow.'

'To-morrow and to-morrow'—SHAKESPEARE,

his friend naturally replied.

"It was a general subject of wonder, that, as he had shown how well he could write for the stage, he should write so little. 'The reason is,' said Mr. Kelly, with exquisite felicity, 'that Mr. Sheridan is afraid of the author of the School for Scandal.'"

Mr. Butler relates the following *bon-mots* of poor Sheridan:

"Mr. Sheridan's *bon-mots* were not numerous; but, when he was in good humour, the subject pleased him, and he liked his company, he sometimes displayed a kind of serious and elegant playfulness, not apparently rising to wit, but unobservedly saturated with it, which was unspeakably pleasing. Every thing he then said or did was what delights Englishmen so much, and what they understand so well—in the style and manner of a perfect gentleman.

"Occasionally, however, he had brilliant sallies. On one occasion he and the late Mr. Sheldon, of Weston, in Warwickshire, supped with the Reminiscent. Mr. Sheldon was born of Catholic parents, and brought up a Catholic; he embraced the Protestant religion, and sate in two parliaments. The Catholic question being mentioned, Mr. Sheridan, supposing Mr. Sheldon to be a Catholic, told him, 'he was quite disgusted at the pitiful, lowly manner, in which Catholics brought forward their case: why should not you, Mr. Sheldon, walk into our house, and say,—Here am I, Sheldon, of Weston, entitled by birth and fortune to be among you: but, because I am a Catholic, you shut your door against me.'—'I beg your pardon,' said Mr. Sheldon, interrupting him, 'I thought it the duty of a subject to be of the religion of his country; and, therefore——' 'You quitted,' said Mr. Sheridan, interrupting him, 'the errors of Popery, and became a member of a church which you know to be free from error? I am glad of it; you do us great honour.' The subject then changed, but it was evident that Mr. Sheldon did not sit quite easy. At length, the third of the morning hours arrived; Mr. Sheldon took his watch from his pocket, and, holding it forth to Mr. Sheridan, 'See,' he said to him, 'what the hour is: you know our host is a very early riser.'—'Damn your apostate watch!' exclaimed Mr. Sheridan; 'put it into your Protestant fob.'

"It has not, I think, been mentioned by any of his biographers, but the fact certainly is, that Mr. Sheridan was very superstitious,—a believer in dreams and omens. One sentiment of true religion the Reminiscent has often heard him express, with evident satisfaction; that, in all his writings, and even in his freest moments, a single irreligious opinion or word had never escaped him.

"Frequently, he instantaneously disarmed those who approached him with the extreme of savageness, and a determined resolution to insult him. He had purchased an estate, at Surrey, of Sir William Geary, and neglected to pay for it. Sir William mentioned this circumstance to the Reminiscent; and the English language has not an expression of abuse or opprobrium which Sir William did not apply to Sheridan. He then marched off in a passion, but had not walked ten paces before he met Mr. Sheridan. The Reminiscent expected as furious an onset as 'if two planets should rush to combat;' but nothing like this took place.

"In ten minutes Sir William returned, exclaiming, 'Mr. Sheridan is the finest fellow I ever met with; I will tease him no more for money.'

"Lord Derby once applied, in the Green Room, to Mr. Sheridan, with much dignity, for the arrears of Lady Derby's salary, and vowed he would not stir from the room till it was paid. 'My dear lord,' said Mr. Sheridan, 'this is too bad; you have taken from us the brightest jewel in the world, and you now quarrel with us for a little dust she had left behind her.'"

We have also some notice of another celebrated Irishman:

"Mr. Burke's '*Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*,' raised him in the world, and introduced him to the acquaintance of several persons distinguished by rank

or talents. That his conversation was eminently interesting, entertaining, and instructive, is universally admitted. It was very discursive: if the person with whom he conversed had full leisure to listen, and only wished for general information, nothing can be conceived more delightful; it abounded with eloquence, elegance, learning, novelty, and pleasantry; it was the basket of Pomona, full of every choice and every common fruit. But, if a person wished for information upon any particular point, and his time for listening was limited, Mr. Burke's eloquent rambles were sometimes very provoking. Sir Philip Francis once waited upon him, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Mr. Hastings's delinquencies. He called on Mr. Burke, in his way to the house of a friend, with whom he was engaged to dine. He found him in his garden, holding a grasshopper: 'What a beautiful animal is this!' said Mr. Burke; 'observe its structure; its legs, its wings, its eyes.'—'How can you,' said Sir Philip, 'lose your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many objects of moment to attend to?'—'Yet Socrates,' said Mr. Burke, 'according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less animal; he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in its skip. I think the skip of a grasshopper does not exceed its length: let us see.'—'My dear friend,' said Sir Philip, 'I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you.' Into the house they walked; Sir Philip began to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen. At length, Sir Philip having misplaced a paper, a pause ensued.—'I think,' said Mr. Burke, 'that naturalists are now agreed, that *locustæ*, not *cicada*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What's your opinion, Sir Philip?' 'My opinion,' answered Sir Philip, packing up his papers, and preparing to move off, 'is, that, till the grasshopper is out of your head, it will be idle to talk to you of the concerns of India.'

"It may be added, that, when Mr. Burke was in conversation, he frequently appeared to speak rather from the reflections that were working in his own mind, upon what his friend had said, than to give a direct answer to it, or to make a direct observation upon it.

"It might be perceived, that those who constantly heard Mr. Burke's conversation, sometimes exhibited, when he spoke, symptoms of wearisomeness. *Toujours perdrix*, partridge every day,—tires in the end. Some thought themselves entitled to be heard oftener than Mr. Burke's unceasing flow allowed. Mr. Fox's general habit of rumination made Mr. Burke's conversation a treat to him; but among Mr. Fox's followers, several excelled in conversation; they wished to be heard, and many wished to hear them. This occasioned Mr. Burke's being sometimes listened to with impatience; this impatience was not always concealed; and something like a respectful quiz was sometimes offered. Here, Mr. Sheridan too often offended;—daily experience shows, that this is an offence not always pardoned."

The following anecdote, we believe, is new:

"In 1793, an act was passed for the relief of the Irish Catholics. It was principally owing to the exertions of the Irish delegates, Mr. Devereux, Mr. Edward Byrne, Mr. John Keogh, and two other gentlemen, who had been appointed to negotiate with Mr. Pitt. They were directed chiefly to insist upon five objects: the elective franchise, the admission of Catholics to grand juries, to county magistracies, to high shrievalties, and to the bar. Mr. Keogh was the soul of the delegation: he possessed a complete knowledge of the subject, uncommon strength of understanding, firmness of mind, and a solemn imposing manner, with an appearance of great humility. These obtained for him an ascendancy over almost every person with whom he conversed. On one occasion he was introduced to the late Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. That eminent statesman was surrounded by several persons of distinction, and received the delegates with great good humour. A long conference ensued; the result of it was unfavourable to the mission of Mr. Keogh. After a short silence Mr. Keogh advanced towards Mr. Dundas, and, with great respect, and a very obsequious but very solemn look, mentioned to him, that 'there was one thing which it was essential for Mr. Dundas to know, but of which he had not the slightest concep-

tion.' He remarked, 'that it was very extraordinary that a person of Mr. Dundas's high situation, and one of his own humble lot (he was a tradesman in Dublin), should be in the same room: yet, since it had so happened, and probably would not happen again, he wished to avail himself of the opportunity of making the important disclosure; but could not think of doing it without Mr. Dundas's express permission, and express promise not to be offended.' Mr. Dundas gave him the permission and promise: still, Mr. Keogh was all humility and apology, and Mr. Dundas all condescension. After these had continued for some time, and the expectation of every person present was wound up to its highest pitch, Mr. Keogh approached Mr. Dundas in very humble attitude, and said,—'Since you give me this permission, and your liberal promise not to be offended, I beg leave to repeat, that there is one thing which you ought to know, but which you don't suspect:—you, Mr. Dundas, know nothing of Ireland.' Mr. Dundas, as may be supposed, was greatly surprised; but, with perfect good humour, told Mr. Keogh, that 'he believed this was not the case: 'it was true, that he never had been in Ireland, but he had conversed with many Irishmen.' 'I have drunk, he said, 'many a good bottle of wine with Lord Hillsborough, Lord Clare, and the Beresfords.'—'Yes, sir,' said Mr. Keogh, 'I believe you have; and that you drank many a good bottle of wine with them, before you went to war with America.'"

Mr. Butler thinks Pitt sincere in his advocacy of the Catholic claims. After praising the Bishop of Winchester's stupid memoirs of the "Heaven-born Minister," he says:

"Of the other parts of the bishop's work we shall say nothing, except to notice, that, in his account of the bill, which was passed for the relief of the Catholics in 1791, he does not render justice to Mr. Pitt. From the first, Mr. Pitt declared himself explicitly in favour of the measure. In order to attract the attention of the public mind to it, and to prevent the effect of prejudice against it, he devised the plan of obtaining the opinions of the foreign universities, upon the three points submitted to them. When the opinions were obtained, he readily declared that they satisfied him. An unfortunate division having taken place among the Roman Catholics, Mr. Pitt, so far from availing himself of it to impede, or even retard the success of the bill, generously exerted himself to compose the difference; he watched over the bill, during its passage through the house, with the greatest assiduity: sometimes by energy, sometimes by conciliation, he removed the obstacles which opposed it, and he unfeignedly participated in the joy of the Catholics, at its ultimate success. For this, they were indebted to none more than to him. The Catholic desires nothing more, than that all who glory in his name should inherit his principles, and imitate his conduct in their regard."

We have room only for one extract more: it will show, in the words of Massillon, "*Dieu seul est grand*," God only is great:

"The Revolution of 1688 necessarily divided the nation into two parties; those who supported the settlement which was then made of the crown, and those who sought to restore the proscribed family. The latter, in proportion as

'Mighty William's thundering arm prevailed,'—POPE.

insensibly decreased.

"Still, the Stuart family had many adherents; their numbers, and the constancy and warmth of their attachment to it, present almost a singular phenomenon in history. The bad success of the enterprise, in 1745, should have terminated their hopes: yet the Reminiscent is old enough to remember, when the prince's cause was celebrated, both by some Catholics and by some Protestants, with all the sincerity and ceremonies of wine, and to have witnessed tears shed and ejaculations offered for the prince and his family. These the Reminiscent could not but contrast with the frigid loyalty of the French nobility and gentry, whom the horrors of the French Revolution drove to our shores.

"One of the secret conditions of the peace, made between England and France

in 1748, was, that the prince should be obliged to quit the French territory. These were at first kindly, and afterwards formally signified to him; but he continued to remain at Paris. He was at length informed, that, if he did not leave it of his own accord, constraint would be used to expel him. But he could not be induced to believe that France would have recourse to these extremities: 'French monarchs,' he said, 'have often boasted that France was the refuge of unfortunate princes. This Lewis XIV. himself said to James II. Can the great grandson of Lewis say the contrary to the grandson of James?' But the court of Versailles resolved upon the measure. It was entrusted to the Duke de Biron, the colonel of the *regiment des Gardes Françaises*. He charged M. de Vaudreuil, the major of the guards, with the execution of it. Both the duke and the major were enjoined to show, in the conduct of it, the utmost respect and attention to the unfortunate prince. It was known that he always carried pistols, and that he had both publicly and confidentially intimated, that, 'if any violence should be offered to his person, he would make away with himself.' The French monarch personally apprised the duke and major of these facts, and charged them with the consequences. The opera was chosen, which was thought very strange, for the scene of the exploit. M. de Vaudreuil, accompanied by some *gardes*, entered the box in which the prince was, produced to him the royal order, searched his clothes, seized his pistols, and disarmed him of his sword. He was carried to the castle of Vincennes; he remained in it three days, and was hurried from it to the *Pont de Beauvoisin*.—Standing upon it, he bade an eternal adieu to inhospitable France. Great indignation was expressed by the French at the conduct of their monarch.

"Il est Roi, dans les fers,—quêtes vous sur le trône,"

was one of the many verses composed on this occasion. All remarked, that much publicity of the indignity shown to the prince might have been spared.

He never recovered from the shock it gave him. One of his attendants, when the event took place, mentioned to the Reminiscent, that, from this time, his spirit was broken; that he was thoroughly altered; and that, in evident bitterness of mind, he frequently exclaimed, 'My sword was taken from me; my person insulted; I am a degraded man.'

"Still he had some partisans, both among Catholics and Protestants in England. The Memoirs of the late Dr. King show, that, till the year 1760, a considerable portion of jacobinism remained in some respectable English and Scottish families; but that, about this time, a final separation took place between the prince and them."

The second volume also contains an Essay on Mystical Devotion, reprinted from the Retrospective Review, not very erudite, and a correspondence between the author and Dr. Parr, particularly uninteresting. There are also some remarks on the Chancery dispute, which we do not mean to read, and recommend the same course to our readers.

THE ORANGEMAN.—CHAP. III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE BOY."

THE magistrate and his loyal assistants were disappointed in their expectation of finding Mr. White in the kitchen; Mon, it appeared, had taken a premature departure, and it is but justice to add, that he felt himself urged to this course by, to him, two very cogent reasons:—in the first place, the presence of Mr. Lett's recently arrived guests would doubtlessly prevent the honest farmer from honouring the kitchen with his presence during this night of national festivity; and the absence of Joss, and the engagements of the domestics, gave but

indifferent promise of what was to be expected. Mon had just arrived at this disagreeable conclusion, by a process of mental reasoning, when the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Horseshaw, and his wounded servant, gave an additional impetus to his desire of seeking, on this evening, a more hospitable hearth. Mon, though a man of acknowledged prowess with his hands or stick, had a mortal antipathy to gunpowder, and relished, even less than most of his peaceable neighbours, the sight of a sword or bayonet. Hating the justice who had frequently threatened him with incarceration for his riotous propensities, he apprehended being somehow implicated in the affair of the night, and therefore took occasion to slip out unperceived, and shape his course, with his *doodeen* in his mouth, for the residence of the Meylers, where he hoped to find a more attentive host and less danger of magisterial interference.

Mon White was a man of gigantic stature, being full seven feet six inches high, and, though admirably proportioned, his form indicated more of sinewy, or rather boney strength, than masculine beauty. Being of a meditative disposition, his shoulders were somewhat stooped and rounded; for, however others might like to contemplate the spheres above them, Mr. White was satisfied to bend all his thoughts upon the world beneath him; and, truly, he had need to make himself thoroughly acquainted with mundane affairs; for his success in life mainly depended upon the information he was supposed to possess almost exclusively; and a new story, or the new version of an old tale, was sure to procure him a welcome reception where, from the frequency of his former visits, his presence had created certain dislikings, which were generally communicated to him in a very intelligible though indirect way. It could not be said that Mon had any place of residence; he was said to live amongst his friends: the frequenters of the alehouse had much of his society; a farmer's barn served him not unfrequently in place of a more fashionable chamber; and when neither farmers nor publicans chose to be no longer civil or hospitable, he was sure to be found in the house of his brothers, Jackeen and Neckeen Mon—a patromymic, for which they were indebted to their celebrated relative. Here, indeed, he ruled with despotic sway, and, though his title was very questionable, he assumed and exercised the authority of a master, until the sale of a cow, pig, or a few barrels of corn, enabled him once more to commence under better auspices his vagabond mode of life. With his landlord, Sir Edward Loftus, of Loftus Hall, he was a particular favourite; he gave useful information respecting the solvency of tenants and the value of farms, and in return was supposed to live rent free. This, though circulated by Mon's enemies, was not, perhaps, altogether devoid of truth; for, notwithstanding his improvident habits, he always dressed decently, in a frize coat, blue stockings, corderoys small-clothes, and good felt hat, though it was well known he had no visible means but an annuity of ten pounds, derived from land cultivated by Joss Lett, and the occasional foreys which he succeeded in carrying away from his brothers. At this period, however, ten pounds, punctually paid once a year, was no contemptible sum in a country where no one need pay for dinner, and most certainly Mon never paid for one in his life.

Mon, be it remarked, like many other great men—and Mon was

famous in his generation—was more feared than loved. His countenance was decidedly bad: his under lip protruded considerably, and his eyebrows completely overshadowed his face; the contour of the whole was far from agreeable. Although by no means of a quarrelsome disposition—some accused him of actual cowardice—his superior prowess and overwhelming strength excited the envy of the “buffers,” a title bestowed in this country on those who are perpetually exhibiting their skill at fairs and patterns; and these sometimes calculating on impunity, or considering themselves, according to the modern phrase, more scientific than they were, provoked Mon’s wrath, and felt themselves all but extinguished in his gigantic grasp. In addition to this, there were other circumstances which begot a rather unfriendly feeling towards him: he sided with neither faction which kept the neighbouring fairs in a roar, and was known to pry rather too curiously into the affairs of his neighbours, and retail very willingly all he knew, supposed, or heard, respecting all who happened to be absent at the moment. From these causes, Mon might be said to live amidst smothered resentment; but he had two decided enemies in the parish, Father Codey and the *minister*, Mr. Horseshaw: the one disliked him for having encouraged the farmers to litigate his reverence’s claim to the tithe of potatoes; and the priest had publicly reproached him with the irregularity of his life. Still Mon went to chapel, but seldom entered it, looked in during the celebration of mass, and showed his respect by kneeling, though only upon one knee. In winter, he prevented his corderoy from injury by prudentially placing a stone between it and the earth.

Such was the history of the man who now sought the residence of the widow Meyler. This habitation belonged to the superior order of bargie farm-houses; it had two chimneys—one in each end—upper windows, which bespoke a second floor, and, though covered with thatch, indicated the home of comparative comfort, if not rustic opulence. Surrounded with trees, and standing on an eminence above Dunmore, it added to the beauty of this very picturesque little town, which a modern traveller has compared to the most sightly villages in Wales.

On entering the *bawn*, Mon, whose ear had acquired great acuteness from long practice in the process of listening, heard the his-s-s! pho-o-o! of Munster Paddy, *alias* Pat Rooney, who was busily employed in rubbing down a horse, in a stable on the right.

“Morrow, Pat,” said Mon, as he approached the occasional ostler.

“Morrow kindly, ma boughal,” replied Pat; and then, averting his head from the animal whose side he was belabouring with two handfuls of straw, cast a keen piercing glance on his visitor. “Ha! mun,” he continued, “there you are; faith, I thought you were down at Jack Cullen’s, drowning the shamroge.”

“Why, Pat, agra,” responded Mon, “I’ve drowned it too often for the good o’ me pocket; but, whust! is that the ould bahar yur whispin’ that way, as if he was a race-horse?”

“The bahar, indeed! Sheashin a bahar; faith, that poor baste never had a hide like this, for he’s as great a stranger to oats as you are to port wine, Mon aroon; an devil a much o’ that same crosses yur lips no more nor me own, since I left Tipperary, and that will be two snug years come May-day next, plase God we all live an do well

till then,—his-s-s, pho-o-o.” And he then proceeded to bestow his care upon the animal, which appeared somewhat fatigued.

“Will he kick,” inquired Mon, as he wished to take a nearer view.

“’Tis hard to say! his-s-s, but never fear; he’s used to decent people, for I am mortual sure he’s a preest’s horse.”

“Preest, did you say, hem! who rode ’im.”

“A fine lookin’ gentleman, amost as portly as yourself, but much betther lookin’ by odds.”

“So he ought, Pat, since he’s a lord.”

“A lord! tear-an-ouny,” cried Pat, ceasing to apply his wisp.

“Troth, he’s nothin’ else, an have just shot the min’ster an his man down at the Mill-o-rags. The sarvant told me all about ’im, up at Narristown.”

“Whoo!” exclaimed the ostler, and, darting past his informant, sprang across the dunghill, kicked the pigs out of his way, bounced over the half-door, which served to keep the swinish inhabitants of the bawn from obtruding into the kitchen, and in an instant had whispered the important secret in his mistress’s ear. Mrs. Meyler checked Pat’s glee by indicating a slight displeasure at her servant’s apparent want of his usual deference, and paid no attention to his communication, but continued to mix the family jug of punch for her humble dependants, who were this night, in accordance with old custom, assembled to partake of her hospitality. The kitchen had been prepared for the occasion, the hearth bore an ample pile of blazing turf, the floor had been levelled by paring, the lengthy dinner-table had been scoured, and the settle and forms were occupied with happy guests; the apartment looked peculiarly comfortable; and the bacon which lined the chimney, and the fitches which reposed on the *rack* beneath the *loft*, did not at all tend to detract from the agreeable feeling other objects were calculated to inspire.

“Well, ma’am,” said Pat, somewhat abashed, and perhaps piqued at the reception of his information, “if you don’t believe me, here’s Mon White, who knows all about it.”

“Faith, Mrs. Meyler,” said Mon, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, “’tis true enough, he’s a lord.”

“A lord!” said the widow, “who’s a lord?”

“Why, ma’am,” answered Pat, “the gentleman in the parlour.”

“Nonsense,” said Mrs. Meyler; “the stranger has only called to see the captain, and I wonder Andy, who went to look for him, hasn’t returned. What in the world, Mon, put it into your head that he’s a lord, I’m sure he don’t look like one; and when I was in Dublin, before the death of my poor husband, rest his soul! at my brother’s, in the Liberty, I’ve seen many a lord.”

And Mrs. Meyler having by this time brought the jug of punch to a proper strength and flavour, she walked out of the kitchen with her wonted dignity, for she had a proper idea of her own consequence; and, though she assumed an importance and gentility very uncommon in her sphere of life, she excited neither reproach nor ridicule, because the character became her.

As she entered the parlour, Mrs. Meyler cast an inquisitive glance at her stranger guest, but thought she could discover nothing about him indicative of high birth or noble breeding: he had disincumbered himself of his greatcoat, and exhibited a manly figure, and a counte-

nance that bespoke intelligence and good humour. He was dressed well, in a black coat, velvet breeches, and a pair of boots, with tops hardly distinguishable from the uppers. He was in serious conversation with her son, Robert, who sat opposite to him at the fire; and the state of the decanter showed that they had drowned the shamrock to some effect.

"May I inquire," asked the stranger, when he became sensible of the widow's presence, "if the messenger has been successful in his search for Captain Meyler."

He was answered that the messenger had not yet returned.

"Excuse my impatience, madam," he continued, "but on my journey hither, at about a mile distance, I met a gentleman and his servant, who wanted to put me under arrest. In the rencontre, a pistol of mine went off accidentally, and I fear wounded one of them."

Mrs. Meyler and her son looked at him with surprise, but, appearing to take no notice, he continued in the same tone. "I should be exceedingly sorry that either should be injured; but, having several miles to travel to-night yet, I did not think well to submit to the tedious interruptions of an Orange magistrate: and for the same reason, though without any personal apprehension, I am desirous of proceeding onward, lest this unhappy affair should lead to unpleasant consequences."

"I regret the circumstance much," said Robert Meyler, "but you need not have dreaded meeting an Orange magistrate,—we have only one justice within half a dozen miles of us, and he is a parson; Orangeism has not yet found its way into these parts, and, I trust, never will."

"That it may not fructify," rejoined the stranger, "would be a pious prayer, for it has been introduced this evening. You smile, sir, but I had a brace of the precious brethren for companions, a considerable part of the road with me to-day. They are domiciled at a place called Narristown."

"Narristown! you surprise me, sir. Pray by what road did you travel?"

"From Enniscorthy to Taghmon. The name of one of the gentlemen was Lett, if I mistake not."

"You must be right; for there has been on a visit at Enniscorthy, a friend of mine——"

"*Friend*, do you call him? Then heaven preserve you from your friend!"

"Why truly, sir," said Robert, "perhaps, properly speaking, the word was inappropriate. The young man has not of late been particularly partial to me; but I trust he has not become an importer of Orangeism."

"The wish has come too late," returned the stranger; "he is, I dare say, a purple man, and will immediately treat you to a lodge in Dunmore. One of the initiated accompanies him; so henceforth bid adieu to domestic peace and public tranquillity. One Orangeman, like the fabled monster, is abundantly sufficient to fill a whole region with despair. He can subsist only on human victims."

"I have heard much of their atrocities in the north."

"Your friend, Mr. Jachan Lett, can treat you with some of their more recent exploits nearer home.—But, sir, the time is approaching for

Irishmen to destroy these enemies of God and man. The sword must be drawn, and the scabbard flung to the ground."

"I hope not, sir," was Robert's calm reply; "the remedy would be worse than the disease."

"Worse! impossible! what can be worse than to live in dread of hourly assassination, to be committed to the tender mercies of a Jacob—a White—a Hunter Gowan, to be flogged, imprisoned, shot, and tortured. Go, sir, to the Macamores, and ask, can men—can Irishmen any longer submit to all these atrocities."

This was pronounced with considerable vehemence; and the stranger's whole manner, as he spoke, indicated much indignation. "We are not," he proceeded after a pause, "what we ought to be—united, but——"

The return of the messenger here interrupted him; and, on being informed of what had taken place at Narristown, he intimated a wish to depart instantly, and accordingly the horse was brought forth saddled. Before mounting, he inquired the road to Bridgetown, and delivered Robert a letter for his brother, Captain Meyler.

"Shall I not have the pleasure of acquainting my brother with your name, sir?" inquired Robert.

"He will doubtless find it in the letter," was the reply, as the stranger mounted. At that instant the widow stood in the door, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. "Dough a dhurris," said the stranger, smiling, "a good old custom, and shall not be lost on me." And he took the glass filled with whiskey. "There are more fugitives to-night than one," he continued; "so, Mrs. Meyler, with your permission I'll drink, 'May the Orange blood-hounds be a day's march behind them, until the hour of independence arrives.'"

Mrs. Meyler, who did not exactly comprehend his meaning, answered, in the language of the parish clerk, "Amen," and the stranger put his horse in motion. "No occasion," said he, as he turned out of the Bawn, "to mention my having called."

"God speed you," was Mrs. Meyler's parting benediction.

CHAPTER IV.

THE traveller had departed not more than ten minutes, when an armed party rushed into the house. Mr. Horseshaw was at their head; and Jachan Lett and Sil Sparrow seemed to hold distinguished authority over about half a dozen loyal assistants, being the sum total which Dunmore could furnish on such an emergency. They were armed with cutlases, pistols, muskets, and blunderbuses, and made a considerable display and confusion on their entrance. Mrs. Meyler was alarmed at the presence of such unusual visitors, and her guests in the kitchen felt peculiarly uncomfortable in consequence of Munster Paddy having only just concluded a terrific narrative relative to Captain Rightboy, in Tipperary, when that "useful shadow" kept magistrates in pay some few years before.

"Guard the door," said Mr. Horseshaw with great emphasis, "and let no one move on the peril of his life. Excuse me, madam," he continued, turning to Mrs. Meyler, "but I have received positive information from those who saw him enter your house, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald, for whose apprehension a large reward is offered, is now under your roof."

"Then, sir," replied the widow with great composure, "I can as positively assure you that you are mistaken."

"Faith, an' that's true," interposed Mon White, from a corner, "for he's just gone about his business,—we are all innocent."

All the efforts of Robert and his mother to interrupt Mon without discovering their own secret proved unavailing, and the magistrate soon learned from that garrulous sojourner all he knew about the matter. As that all, however, was very unsatisfactory, Mr. Horseshaw turned to Mrs. Meyler and her son, and begged to be informed respecting the road the fugitive had taken.

"It is true, sir," said Robert, undertaking to speak for his mother, "a traveller did call here, refreshed himself, and departed without leaving his name." "Very improbable," said the magistrate, "but did he not say what road he intended to take?"

"I am not in the habit, Mr. Horseshaw," replied Robert indignantly, "of affording information to those who my veracity into question; you will, if you please, ask me no further questions."

"Not so hot, young man, not so hot," rejoined the magistrate; "you must know, that, as a justice of peace, it is my business to interrogate you on this *now* very serious affair: perhaps you are not aware of the powers given me by a recent act of the legislature?"

"I am no lawyer, sir; your authority I do not call in question, but I am yet to learn that it exonerates you from the obligations of politeness."

"The cat's out o'the bag," cried Sil Sparrow as he walked down from the parlour with an open letter in his hand. "Treason, sir," he continued; "here is outlandish writing."

Robert Meyler started, and, recovering from his surprise, sprang towards Sil with the intention of depriving him of the letter, which he had no doubt was the one left by the stranger for his brother, and which was placed on the chimney-piece. Jachan Lett, who had watched the movements, interrupted him, while Sil in the meantime deposited the epistle in the hands of the magistrate; Robert, with a single effort, released himself from his detainer, and in a moment confronted Mr. Sparrow.

"You scoundrel!" said he, "how dare you break open the seal of a private letter?"

"Hold! Robert," said his alarmed mother, going between him and Sil, and instantly the magistrate, who had spent some minutes endeavouring to decipher the letter, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. "You are my prisoner, sir," said he; "you are clearly implicated in rebellious practices, as this outlandish letter testifies; here, men, bring him along."

"Oh! no, no, for God's sake, no, no," cried Mrs. Meyler; "he is guiltless of the contents of that letter; it is not directed to him."

"I am sorry, madam," said Mr. Horseshaw, "to have a disagreeable duty to perform; but this affair must be inquired into. Robert Meyler, you are my prisoner; make no resistance, or—"

"I'll blow your brains out," interrupted Sil Sparrow.

"And I'll do the same," said Jachan Lett, placing himself alongside the prisoner with a pistol in his hand.

"And this from you, Mr. Lett," said the widow with a look of

scorn. "Oh, no, it cannot be Joss Lett's son—the companion and schoolfellow of Robert Meyler."

"The young man is only doing his duty," said the magistrate, who perceived that Jachan looked rather foolish. "You are very kind, sir," returned the widow; "the young gentleman stands in need of some one to apologize for him."

"Come, come," interrupted the magistrate; "we lose time, we must pursue the fugitive; but, first, Mr. Meyler, I must beg of you to accompany me to my house, at Grange."

"If necessary, certainly," was Robert's reply; "but first be kind enough to tell me upon what charge I'm deprived of my liberty?"

"You shall know *that* to-morrow," said the magistrate.

At this instant Captain Meyler entered, and, on learning the cause of his brother's arrest, requested to see the letter, which Mr. Sparrow had surreptitiously obtained. The magistrate refused to let it out of his possession, but permitted the captain to glance at it, while he held it tightly and jealously in his hand. "It is written in a treasonable gibberish," said Mr. Horseshaw, "but there can be no doubt of the nature of its contents."

"None in the world," said the captain, laughing; "'tis from a lady in Canada, who once deemed me a pretty fellow; why, look at the superscription: it is directed to me,—can't you read French?"

"Lord aye," said the magistrate, unwilling to be thought ignorant of French; "so it is indeed a love letter," and he pretended to be reading it. "I can see," said he, "but badly without my glasses by candle-light. Mr. Robert, I beg your pardon; Mrs. Meyler will excuse me; captain, here is your letter; mind and answer it speedily; and now, boys, let us pursue the outlaw,—he can't be far off."

Sil Sparrow did not appear to relish this decision; and whispered something in the magistrate's ear, to which the only reply he received was, "Tut, tut! nonsense," and the whole of the party withdrew.

"A narrow escape," exclaimed Captain Meyler, thrusting the letter into the parlour fire. "Ignorance is bliss, for had the stupid parson understood French, he would have got a clue to the retreat of my old colonel, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and perhaps have found an excuse for sending us both to Wexford Goal. It was a lucky thought about the Canadian lady; say what you like, Robert, I am a clever fellow after all."

"I never questioned your ability, brother, but what about that letter?"

"Why it was from Lord Edward, who is now, unhappily, an outlaw, soliciting me to go up to Dublin as a delegate, and, in the meantime, to exert myself here in promoting the good cause. He wrote in French, for fear of the letter falling into vulgar hands; and, as a further precaution, he did not sign his name."

"Does he say anything respecting the bearer of the letter?"

"Not a word. What sort of man was he?"

"A tall, cheerful-looking man, very like a clergyman."

"Very possible," said the captain; "but come, Bob, let us drown the shamrock."

"Excuse me, Henry, I can drink no more—I am a little agitated, having suffered that limping stranger to provoke me."

"And why not? I wouldn't belong to one mess with a man who couldn't get angry—into a towering passion; but never mind, Bob; I'll be the bearer of a message from you to-morrow morning; the scoundrel must be chastised."

"You forget, Henry, that the time is past when I could countenance such a proceeding."

"Hem! and so you will become a priest—seek a heaven hereafter by refusing to partake of one here. Why, Bob, there is an angel already in your path, whose morning orisons you could avail yourself of."

"Such dreams of unsubstantial good have long since ceased to torment me; I have devoted myself to a higher and a nobler purpose."

"Come, come, Bob, you must banish such folly; send your books to the chandler's shop, and betake yourself to the business of the world. Here is house and lands well worth delving for."

"I am happy you estimate their value—they are your's."

"Mine!"

"Certainly, by right and birth; you are the eldest son."

"And therefore was particularly provided for.—I got a good sword, and an honourable rank in a noble profession; and, though used harshly and unjustly, I still expect the decision of the War Office to be in my favour. Tired of inactivity, and considering this no time to decline pressing my services, I intend setting off to-morrow morning for Dublin."

"So sudden, and so hastily. Is there no one you regret leaving behind?"

"I know what you mean," returned the captain; "she is perfectly easy on that head. She has consented that I should win more laurels before I place her within the circle of the golden fetter—that's all."

"She is very indulgent," said Robert. "I thought she disliked war—But," he continued, alarmed at the sudden illumination of the parlour from reflected light, "what is this? some of the outhouses are surely on fire."

"No," said the captain, looking through the window, "but hold! as I live, it is the cabin of poor 'Bodder Fanny.' Come, let us call on the servants and try to extinguish the flames."

And he rushed out, followed by his brother, Munster Paddy, Mon White, and half a dozen others.

MR. SPRING RICE ON EMANCIPATION.*

WE should betray the cause we have undertaken to advocate, if we did not, at this crisis, make every possible effort to disabuse the English mind on the nature of those claims which, in a few days, must, once more, and, we trust, for the last time, come before the legislature. For this purpose we have devoted an unusual portion of our pages to subjects closely connected with the great question of Catholic Emancipation, and we believe that we have not laboured

* Catholic Emancipation, considered on Protestant Principles, in a Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, K.G. From an Irish Member of Parliament. London: Ridgway, pp. 34.

in vain. There are empirics in legislation, who, ignorant of the social system, would prefer healing visible lacerations in the body politic, in preference to adopting measures to invigorate the constitution from the diseased nature of which all these unsightly sores, that offend and pain, proceed. Such short-sighted politicians are continually exclaiming, that Emancipation would not redress any of the grievances of Ireland; and, as their logic is admirably adapted to capacities like their own, they want neither listeners nor proselytes. Now, we unhesitatingly admit, that much must be done for Ireland before the people shall attain that place in comfortable tranquillity;—to much all men are entitled: but we also unhesitatingly assert, that no redress, of any moment, can take place, until the great principle of civil equality is established in that kingdom. Catholic disability is the main spring which irrigates the land with evil; and, until this fountain of mischief and miseries is dried up, there can be no rational hope of national peace or improvement. The very means taken to promote these must, in the event of non-emancipation, only aggravate the evil. This, we think, is demonstrated by that excellent statesman and good patriot, Mr. Spring Rice, in his admirable letter to Lord Liverpool. The very arguments made use of by the opponents of Emancipation, are precisely those which prove the necessity of the measure:—“My lord,” says Mr. Rice, “there is no one single object you have in view, which you are not unconsciously counteracting. There is no one principle to which you cling, no one duty you seek to perform, which is not endangered and impeded by your lordship’s conduct. You wish to maintain British connexion—you bring that connexion into peril. You are unwilling to add to Roman Catholic power, yet you augment it a thousand fold. You seek to uphold the constitution, yet you have raised upon its ruins a republic of agitators. You deprecate the interference of the priests in secular affairs, yet you render their interference not only legitimate, but unavoidable; and you make their authority supreme. You are a friend to the Established Church, yet you expose it to manifold risks, and increase the number and inveteracy of its enemies. You anticipate the extension of wealth, and the investment of capital amongst us; you make both the sources of new discontent and danger. You wish well to education, and yet check its progress. You contemplate, with hope, the possible diffusion of the principles of the Reformation, and yet you confirm the opinions you oppose, and arrest the progress of that truth to which you are attached.”

Elsewhere he says, with equal truth and sound policy, “I arraign you, my lord, as the enemy of the Established Church, and as endangering its stability and existence more than Mr. Hume, Captain Rock, or the Catholic Association. I admit that your lordship, in this as in the former instances, is acting in ignorance of the consequence of your own measures; but you are not acting the less certainly and decisively on that account. I am aware how much, in other branches of your policy, the Irish Church is indebted to your lordship. The old jobbing system, of ecclesiastical promotion, has been by you overthrown; and men of piety, worth, and learning, are now the successors of the Ushers, Bedels, and Taylors. Your conduct in the House of Peers neutralises the good consequences of your *congés d’Elire*; and, while you promote primitive saints, you risk immortalising them

as political martyrs. I need not point out to your lordship the peculiar and anomalous situation in which that Church is placed; its wealth, in the midst of surrounding poverty, and the disproportionate number of its ministers to the professors of its creed. I do not join the vulgar cry, that, on this account, it is to be despoiled of its revenues, or deprived of its splendid endowments. My notions of church reform do not extend beyond an enlargement of the sphere of ecclesiastical utility, and a strict performance of ecclesiastical duty. I only allude to these facts for the purpose of suggesting the inference, that it is desirable to augment the zeal and the number of the friends of the Church, rather than to increase the acrimony of its enemies. What is your lordship's favourite argument? 'I resist Emancipation,' you assert, 'because I think that measure would be productive of danger to the Establishment.' In other words, you inform every Roman Catholic in the land, that the Church is the great obstacle to his freedom, and that churchmen are his inveterate enemies; you teach him, further, that the confiscation of church property, and the abolition of tithes, are necessary consequences of his political enfranchisement. Is this a salutary lesson, either whist Emancipation is withholden, or when it is conceded? Acting thus dangerously on the Roman Catholic, what effects does this suggestion produce on the Protestant part of the community? Your lordship is aware how numerous and powerful are the Protestant proprietors, who attach as much importance to Emancipation as the Roman Catholics themselves. I need only refer to the majorities in the House of Commons, and to the resolutions of the peers, signed at the Duke of Buckingham's. Does your lordship wish to persuade us Protestants, that it is to our church that we owe our repeated disappointments; that all social order is disturbed—all cordiality between man and man destroyed; our properties reduced in value—our repose and safety risked; and all for the sake of the Established Church. The suggestion is dangerous. We are as much attached to that church as your lordship can be; but do not drive us to a choice of difficulties; do not call upon us to admit your principles; do not persuade us, that the church is the mound which keeps the waters up to an artificial height, threatening, in their overflow, ruin and devastation. We might be tempted in such a case. But I deny your lordship's premises and conclusions. I believe the danger to the church to be produced by exclusion, and not by concession—by irritating and exasperating party violence, and not by soothing and allaying it. The safety of our Protestant Establishment becomes, with me, an additional argument in favour of Emancipation.

"Your lordship will reply, that the hierarchy of Ireland entertain a very different opinion, and that such a judgment is more authoritative than mine. *Cuique credendum est in arte sua*. My lord, no maxim is more questionable; and, in this case, I can prove it to be inconclusive. My witnesses are the bishops themselves. Every argument, now employed by them against Emancipation, was used against the Tithe Composition Act. From that measure they anticipated evils incalculable—the downfall of ecclesiastical property—the destruction of ecclesiastical title. The Irish prelates, with three exceptions, combined against the measure. Now, the same parties are equally earnest in support of a reform, the greatest introduced in Ireland since the Union. Profit by this example, my lord, and do not trust, un-

reservedly, the judgment of the right reverend bench. I do not impute insincerity, or want of candour, to the Irish church; but I believe that its dignitaries are deceived, and that your lordship is the victim of their mistakes and prejudices."

But John Bull now hears nothing but glad tidings of a new reformation in Ireland, and Lord Farnham's tinker-apostates are adduced as proofs of a growing predilection for Protestantism. The thing is adroitly enough got up, to serve a certain and sinister purpose; but its fallaciousness cannot escape the most unobservant eye, who gives the question a moment's consideration. For our own parts, we believe, and we do so on philosophic grounds, that there can be no accession to the ranks of Protestantism in Ireland under any circumstances, but still less while one party has to complain of religious grievances, and the other refuses to redress them.

"Admitting it," says Mr. Rice, "to be a matter of regret that so vast a majority of the people of Ireland differ from us in religious opinion, it is impossible for a Protestant not to feel solicitous that the principles of the Reformation should extend among them: to this happy consummation your lordship is the grand obstacle; you attach those to their church, from a feeling of honour, who might be disposed to abandon it on conviction. The man of the world hesitates to acknowledge the change he recognises in spirit, lest subsequent elevation at the bar, or rise in public life, should be considered the wages of apostacy—not the reward of genius and industry; the highest class of proselytes thus escapes you. To all, our religion is presented in its least attractive form; it is hostile, it is Saxon; the mind becomes closed against its truths; investigation is impeded; rational inquiry checked; our tenets are not only rendered less attractive, but they are degraded. The inference to be drawn from the present laws is, that Protestantism cannot support itself without artificial aid. We seem to admit, that the church requires lines of defence to protect its natural weakness; we, at the same moment, quarrel with our opponents for not entering into the body of the place, when we have dropped each portcullis, and raised every drawbridge. This is surely unfair. Let our religion cease to be exclusive, and it will acquire new votaries; let it rely on its inherent strength, and it need not dread attack. As a system of proselytism, the old penal code failed; the existing disqualifications have not been more successful. A knowledge of human nature, motives, and feelings, points out that all hope of diffusing around us our opinions, depends on our taking an opposite course. In proportion as we indispose the Roman Catholics to our faith, do we attach them to their own. If our's be the religion of an enemy, their's is the religion of a friend; if our's hold out the corrupt rewards of the world, their's promises the deathless palms of the martyr. As exclusive Protestantism is hated, exclusive Catholicism is beloved. The religious enthusiasts we thus create, unsatisfied with the opinions of the present day, go back to the middle ages in search of all that is marked and distinctive. We send them to the days of the Gregorys; and their scholastic pedantry seeks out and defends antiquated doctrine, as a member of the Roxburgh Club covets a Wynkn de Worde or a Caxton. If a few, whose imaginations are less easily excited, and whose reason is stronger, take a contrary course, and are disposed to abandon black-letter polemics, your lordship's zeal rejects all explanation. You assure them,

that you are better acquainted with their doctrines than they are themselves—you unfold before them the bulls of ambitious popes, or the unintelligible decrees of councils—you bind them limb by limb, and then condemn them for being motionless—you ridicule their credulity, and despise the pretensions of their church, yet you act upon a belief of its invariableness. Rejecting the claims of my countrymen, as Roman Catholics, you compel them to become Papists; and you admit every interpretation of their opinions but that which their divines offer for your acceptance. Your lordship and your friends, not satisfied with making the Roman Catholics abjure theft, murder, and all the deadly sins, call for further declarations against many of the acts of their church in early and barbarous times. If the Roman Catholics of the present day do not sanction these doctrines, you triumphantly ask—why should they hesitate in publicly condemning them? Why does not a council, in 1826, disavow the pretensions of the councils of Constance and Basil, and reverse the sentences against Huss and Jerome, of Prague? Why does not Leo XII. anathematize the memories of Gregory, Sextus, and Pius? How little does he know of human nature to require such a sacrifice? Is there no such feeling as pride, and a mistaken, though respectful deference for those who have preceded us? Is not a single renunciation in deed worth a thousand renunciations in word? Louis XIV., in the insolence of superiority, never quarrelled with his crowned tributary of England for his absurd pretension, in assuming the title of king of France. Though that title was gratuitously laid aside in 1800, would your lordship have advised his late majesty to abandon it at the bidding of a powerful and threatening enemy? Again, does your lordship doubt but that, in spirit and principle, the king's government, at present, differs from that of Lord Londonderry and Mr. Vansittart? Yet, would you consider it either politic or generous, to compel your lordship to make a solemn declaration, that you utterly detest, abhor, and abjure the faith of the holy alliance, and the sacrifice of the *mass* at the treaty of Vienna? or that you consider the doctrine, of the real presence of gold in an inconvertible bank-note, to be superstitious and idolatrous? Your lordship very properly thinks, that Parliament, and the people of England, should be satisfied with your practical conversion, without imposing upon you any test implying a sacrifice of your dignity, or conveying a reflection on your former friends and opinions."

Oh! but the priest and the Pope! Why, aye, there is something in that; but pray, John Bull, did you ever see the Pope? If not, it is very ungentlemanly of you, as the celebrated Teige O'Regan, when governor of Colerain, under James II., said to an enthusiastic Protestant divine, to abuse his holiness; and you ought to recollect that the poor priests are men like yourselves, with feelings of pride, honour, and patriotism; and that men who boast of the land of their birth should not be angry with Irish clergymen if they also have the virtue of loving their country. "The greatest alarms," says the author before us, "are those which have been excited by the conduct of certain Roman Catholic priests. Your lordship attaches peculiar importance to this part of the case. Examine it fairly, and do not judge by the mere surface of things, nor decide upon the reports of those who have interest in deceiving. It is easy to account for the

interference of the priests, by a reference to past history. Within the memory of men now living, the priests were, as individuals, marked out by law for persecution and punishment. Can these events, though now passed away, be wholly forgotten, whilst religious distinctions still exist on our statute book to perpetuate their remembrance? Above all, can those who refer, in argument, to the massacre of the Albigenses, the judicial murder of Huss, the slaughter of St. Bartholomew,---can such persons, after exhausting the annals of six centuries in their uncharitable researches, condemn the less retentive memories which preserve the recollections of a penal code not yet wholly repealed? But I am not driven to justify the one feeling by the other: present times, existing laws, living statesmen, you yourself, my lord, are the chief cause of this priestly interference. View the other classes of mankind; consider the principles on which all act, and are justified in acting. Let Mr. Huskisson name the iron trade in the House of Commons, and every furnace in Staffordshire sends forth its deputy; meetings, resolutions, and petitions follow as quickly as the strokes upon an anvil. Let Mr. Robinson reduce the duties on foreign silks, and Parliament Street and Palace Yard are filled by the pigmy weavers from Spitalfields. Dismiss but a drummer of the Irish militia, and a conspiracy is formed of those colonels who were called by Curran the wooden walls of Ireland. Print Mr. Jacob's report, Sir T. Lethbridge and Sir J. Sinclair, two notorious agitators, take the field;---throughout all England the farmers and country gentlemen combine;---Boodle's Club rivals the Catholic Association;---the constituent body, throughout the empire, divides itself into the opposite factions of growers and consumers. Raise the cry that the church is in danger,---all our ecclesiastics, from the rural dean to the metropolitan, labour in their calling; or, assembled in their houses of convocation, carry to the foot of the throne their prayers and their alarm. My lord, if our clergy are right in interfering to prevent the admission of Roman Catholics, are not the priests justified in combining to obtain that admission for their countrymen? Can you, in common justice, lay down a different rule for the one class and for the other? Is every thing allowable on the part of those who are in possession, and nothing excusable on the part of the excluded? Reflect upon the cause of that exclusion---it is religious belief. In the contest which this exclusion produces, the ministers of religion necessarily become parties. If the exclusion were upon any ground not religious, the priests would not be brought into action. The *esprit de corps* would not be touched. A declaration that the Roman Catholic religion is idolatrous, its professors dangerous subjects, combined with civil disqualifications, on these grounds, compels the priests to come forward as political partisans, as well as champions of their faith.

"It is impossible that, admitting the interference of the priests to be natural and excusable in the abstract, your lordship may consider it unjustifiable in the mode in which it is said to have taken place, and the violence with which it has been attended. Priests at the hustings, and declamations from the altar, may be considered modes of warfare new and dangerous. I do not mean to enter into the subjects of the Irish elections, neither shall I pause to defend the state of the Irish franchise. The first of these questions is

at issue in the petitions presented to the House of Commons. Before the committees on the Waterford and Monaghan cases, the charges against the priests will be proved, *if capable of being substantiated*. For the state of the franchise, your lordship and some of your colleagues are responsible. Propositions were offered to your acceptance two years back, which you were pleased to reject:—the opportunity may not again return. Without discussing the Irish elections, I beg, however, to refer your lordship to the stratagemata of ecclesiastics elsewhere. Inquire whether a clergyman of the Church of England did not attend on the hustings at Lincoln, and note down publicly every vote given against his inclination. Read a clerical production, published at Retford during the election, and proving, from the horns, phials, and trumpets of the Revelations, that the supporters of Messrs. Wrightson and Dundas were doomed to eternal damnation. Study Mr. Vaughan's Leicester Sermon.—But I will not degrade the dignity of my cause, by carrying recrimination further. I need not the aid of such a weapon, and I cast it by with disdain. If any class of men were to be condemned for the indiscretion or the incapacity of one of its members, would either House of Parliament—would the Cabinet itself, be safe from attack?

The poor Irish are reproached, unjustly indeed, with ignorance. Will education, under present circumstances, make them better subjects? Mr. Rice thinks not:

"Your lordship," says he to the earl, who is not likely ever again to hold the reins of government, "professes your attachment to a well-ordered system of instruction, and you are desirous of facilitating its progress; but it is in vain that persons associate—vainly they subscribe—fruitless are all missions—worse than inconclusive the efforts of itinerant orators and preachers, so long as an exclusive system prevails. The religious enthusiasm which assails, will be met by a more than equal enthusiasm acting on the defensive; jealousy and distrust will be excited even by the exertions of benevolence; alarm will be felt where no danger exists; and suspicions will arise where no indirect attempt is intended. The wheat is rooted up with the tares, and every effort to improve the condition of the people is frustrated by the evil spirit of the penal code.

"Nor is this all,—your lordship becomes the founder of all the schools established on principles exclusively Catholic; the education monks, nunneries, and confraternities originate with you. Education, in place of removing the landmarks which separate sects, becomes, through your agency, the cause of new divisions; the lines are more strongly drawn, and are traced at a period which insures their duration through life; the associations of youth become arrayed against your country, its constitution, and religion. The Catholic learns, in youth, to consider your lordship as his bitterest enemy; your country, as continuing his oppression; its constitution, as excluding him from its blessings; and its religion, as the distinguishing badge of his oppressors.

"Again, let me entreat your lordship to consider the effects which education must produce, in teaching men to estimate the rights they claim, and the wrongs they suffer. Upwards of half a million of Roman Catholic children are now in a course of education; each of these will become fully instructed in the former history of his country, if your lordship does not teach him to forget the cruelties of the past, in the tardy justice which you may yet extend towards Ireland. The exclusion of a horde of savages might have been safe; but when wealth and intelligence become more diffused, it cannot be continued without danger, as well as injustice."

Nor can industry, Mr. Rice thinks, be promoted, whilst the evil disabilities of the people continue:

"Reasoners of all classes agree in wishing to encourage the production of

wealth and the investment of capital in Ireland. Whilst five-sixths of the people are considered unfit to be intrusted with the privileges of British subjects, will any prudent Englishman establish himself among us? If he agrees with your lordship, he must consider an Irish Papist as an unsafe neighbour; or, differing from you, he must admit that six millions of people have a just ground for discontent. In either case, the flow of English capital is checked; it may go to Mexico and Chili; to Poyais and to Greece; amongst half-recognised governments, or half-civilized nations; but you teach the enterprising speculator, that to Ireland he must not turn. Whilst you thus prevent a blending of interests which might cement and consolidate the union between the two islands, my Catholic countrymen are advancing in wealth; they are becoming our capitalists; they are the purchasers of lands; they are our principal merchants. This progress, which ought to lead to unmixed good, becomes, thanks to your lordship, a source of evil,—of evil, not indeed permanent, though active in its present operation. In proportion as the Roman Catholics advance in wealth, so much the more deeply will they feel their exclusion, and more bitterly resent it. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, is the proverb; but it is no longer in *corpore vili* that the experiment is made: you may try your knife upon a dead subject, but it is dangerous to attempt a living dissection: the greater our wealth and industry, the more acute will be our discontent, the more angry our resistance. If your lordship is determined to persevere, you should endeavour to drive us back into the state from whence we have emerged; your policy would not then be more cruel towards us, and would become less dangerous as respecting yourself."

Reducing the question to what Paley subjected all questions of morals and policy, namely expediency, the advocates of exclusion will find themselves still less able to support their opposition. If ideal evils are to be apprehended from Emancipation, real and dangerous ones threaten the kingdom on the refusal of that measure. "Your lordship," says Mr. Rice, "dreads adding to the power of the Roman Catholics. I do not claim that, to them, as *Roman Catholics*, power should be granted. My claim for them is, as citizens of a free state, and not as members of a sect. Assuming, for argument, your lordship's principle, may it not be suggested, that exclusion furnishes more real and more dangerous power than could ever flow from Emancipation: the one, a power without the pale of the constitution, undefined, and acting upon passions and prejudices ---the other, a power within constitutional limits, governed by known laws, and flowing through legitimate channels. View the actual state of affairs in Ireland, my lord! Look back, and profit by experience! What was the state of the Roman Catholics in 1800, and what is it at the present moment? At which period were they the more powerful, or, if you will, the more dangerous? They are now bound and consolidated in one mass, without dissentients or seceders; their increase of strength, in this interval of twenty-six years, can scarcely be expressed by any combination of numbers. By what has this strength been produced?---by concession or by refusal? Alas! the Catholics have known nothing of concession; your lordship's system has raised the dwarf into the giant. It is now your lot to struggle with a danger greater than any statesman could have anticipated; a danger which, if any statesman can contemplate without awe and dismay, it can only be from a lack of wisdom or an absence of feeling which I neither respect nor envy. This danger, and the tremendous power from which it springs, are of your lordship's creation: you are their parent,--shrink not from the deformity of your own offspring; you have placed the fulcrum under

the lever; you have given to the agitators that other world, from whence they can move this; you are the colleague and the confederate of those whose excesses I condemn, but do not wonder at, so much as at the delusion under which your lordship is acting.

"It may, however, be asked, whether these evils might not survive Emancipation, and the disposition and power still continue to produce calamitous consequences? I answer in the negative. Is it not inconsequential reasoning to suppose, whilst Catholic power has augmented from a repeated rejection of these claims, that an opposite cause, concession, should produce the same effect? The question may be answered by further and more forcible arguments. If Emancipation were conceded, would the nobility, who confer grace and dignity upon the cause, remain in a state of discontent and agitation? and does not the co-operation of that nobility add to Catholic power? If Emancipation were conceded, would the gentry, who might then claim rank in the legislature, continue their complaints? and are not those gentlemen a source of Catholic power? If Emancipation were conceded, and the offices of the law open to Catholic knowledge and ability, would the lawyers, the chief agitators, possess the same means or disposition to indulge their exciting eloquence? and do not these lawyers, both in Dublin and on their provincial missions, create and multiply Catholic power? If Emancipation were conceded, and the stigma obliterated, which the priests consider to be so cruelly affixed on their religious faith, would those priests stimulate to organized and combined effort! and does your lordship doubt that the Catholic clergy add to Catholic power! Withdraw, then, all these elements of discontent, and where will your lordship find the means of re-creating Catholic power? Is it among the peasantry?---No! the sting which now inflames every local grievance becomes innoxious. I am not so vain a political empiric as to suggest that, after Emancipation, much of evil and of suffering might not still subsist: but the danger would cease, and a foundation be laid for a new and a better order of things. So long as it can, with truth, be asserted, that the powers of the state are combined against the Roman Catholics, so long will the Catholics necessarily combine against the powers of the state. The exclusion is against the Roman Catholics as such; the discontent is therefore Catholic, the union Catholic, and the power Catholic. Their exclusion forms their power, and for both your lordship is deeply responsible."

Elsewhere he says:

"Warmly attached to Ireland, I am but the more warmly attached to British connexion. I consider it the source of all real strength, the security to all property, the only pledge of constitutional freedom. Law, justice, wealth, knowledge, morals, and religion, are all, with us, dependent on British connexion. England, 'in teaching,' as Milton says, 'the nations of the earth how to live,' has that duty to perform first and chiefly towards Ireland. This high prerogative is forfeited by the conduct of your lordship. The feeling which that conduct excites, is hatred; you teach us to look upon England as an oppressor. The measure of Emancipation, carried triumphantly so far as the votes of Irish peers and commoners are concerned, is rejected—and by what influence? By your lordship's influence in the House of Peers. The refusal is that of England; the demand being that of the Irish nation. The Union is naturally considered as

having afforded the means of this refusal; and England and the Union are fast becoming words of reproach amongst us. But whilst Great Britain is thus considered in the light of a cruel parent, who refuses to a child his birth-right, third parties are not idle. There are, who express, though they may not feel, a sympathy for our misfortunes. There are, who affect to love us, because they deeply hate you. The eyes of foreigners are turned towards Ireland, and voices are raised as if real sympathy was felt for our afflictions. France tells us, that she detests the intolerance that excludes, and respects the public spirit that claims admission. America maintains the same language, prompted and made more inveterate by the suggestions of the exiled republicans of 1798.

Multi nos populi, multæ (ne temne quod ultro
Præferimus manibus vittas ac verba precantia)
Et petiere sibi, et voluere adjungere gentes.

"Your lordship's text to Ireland is, View in England your inveterate enemy—look abroad for your sympathizing friends. My lord, this is a dangerous lesson; and, if it acts upon hearts but too much disposed to receive the impression, its consequences may, at some future time, be not only seen, but felt. The manufactories of Pittsburgh may yet change angry discontent into armed resistance; and the steam-boats of Havre and Brest may prove dangerous visitants upon the Irish shores."

And Mr. Rice concludes his Letter with the following energetic appeal; which we hope will not be lost upon those in whose hands are now the destinies of the empire:

"I am fully aware that, from other quarters, your lordship may receive accounts of a different character; but let me entreat your lordship, as you value your reputation as a statesman, and as you seek to preserve the empire united, to press the persons who cry out 'No Surrender,' to declare their *arrière pensée*. Is there one among them who conceives that the present state of things in Ireland can last? I do not believe there is. If a change is then to take place, force these men to explain their anticipations. Their course of remedial measures leads through insurrection, and a subjugation of the Roman Catholics to a re-enactment of the less odious parts of the penal code. I do not mean that they would venture to call for those laws at which human nature now recoils, but they would suggest a repeal of the privileges granted in 1793. This would never be endured—the very proposition would convulse the country—insurrection and massacre are the measures towards which your lordship is invited. Should you doubt the fact, I refer you to the somewhat too candid evidence given in 1825, by Messrs. Irwin, Verner, and Waring. Granting to men of these opinions the unqualified use of the knife and cautery, do they conceive that, till Ireland becomes a solitude, they can secure their atrocious and abominable peace? No: if the struggle begins, it will be awful—it will be prolonged. It will not be an ordinary war, but a gloomy and determined resistance; the resistance of an omnipresent, though an almost invisible enemy. The military possession of all defensible posts may be yours, but your authority will not extend beyond your garrisons. No battles will be fought—no consolidated force will appear; but the social system will be destroyed—the rights of property will be overwhelmed; agriculture will decline, and commerce fly the land. This is the alternative which is presented to your lordship's acceptance; and, if you prefer it to Emancipation, doubled garrisons, an augmented debt, increased taxation, lavish waste of British blood and treasure, will, sooner or later, be the inevitable consequences. Sir W. Petty computed that, in his time, the loss of human life, during eleven years of war, exceeded 600,000. At that period, the population of Ireland amounted to 1,466,000; it has now swelled to 7,000,000. The forces then employed in Ireland (80,000) were four times the military strength now stationed there, and their expenses reached the sum of £13,200,000. The destruction of property, in houses alone, is calculated to have exceeded £2,000,000; and the total loss, in wealth, to have amounted to £37,000,000. I shall not alarm your lordship, by calculating what might be the loss of lives and property, supposing similar events

to take place at present. My lord, Sir William Petty concludes his summary of this carnage by stating, 'For this blood somebody should answer to God and to the king;' do not let this awful responsibility rest with your lordship; avert, whilst there is yet time, these horrible calamities; secure the happiness of Ireland, by doing her people justice; secure the strength of Britain, by preserving the integrity of the empire. Yet a moment is given for reflection and for repentance: 'the night cometh, when no man can work.' "

With this extract we conclude. We could say much more, but those who could remain insensible to danger, and averse to justice after this, would not be convinced by the tongue of an angel from Heaven. Let not Englishmen deceive themselves by listening to those who have an interest in the misfortunes of their country, who represent the people as indifferent to the measure of emancipation, for the reverse is precisely the case.

THE POLITICIAN.—NO III.

DURING the last month we have had nothing but the overture to the—shall I call it *farce*? which is to be played within a week or two. The West India question is to be discussed; the Corn Laws are to be revised; and Emancipation is surely—for God knows it is time—to be granted. The last question I leave in the hands of the Editor, a s peculiarly belonging to him; and respecting the other two, it is unnecessary to say much. The condition of the blacks will not be much meliorated; and the British helots will receive no relief from the proposed measure respecting the introduction of foreign corn. A duty will be imposed which leaves the price of the loaf where it is—far beyond what it ought to be, and what the poor artisan can badly afford to pay for it. Your landlords are the most impudent men in the world; for the very arguments by which they attempt to defend the Corn Laws, are precisely those which demonstrate their mischievousness. They tell us a free trade in corn would reduce the price of wheat something like one half—forgetting that, were their statement true, the impolicy of restrictions was proved; for what occasions distress among the manufacturing poor, but DEAR BREAD. Had we a cheap loaf, all the working people could find employment; they could work for lower wages; and thereby supersede, in many instances, the use of machinery: while the manufacturer could go into foreign markets without the dread of being undersold by continental competitors.

But the "great" are super-eminently wise; and so is Lord Lorton, who calls loudly for a new penal code. I suppose his lordship is a "saint," and, speaking of "saints," Lord and Lady Farnham are worthy of a better age. They are truly zealous: they go into the highways and byways, and compel the travellers to enter, in order that they may feast upon vulgar and spiritual food. Her ladyship's sermons we hope will shortly be published; and I am quite serious when I say that I have no doubt they would read as well as some of the canting balderdash in the "Irish Pulpit," the pious contributions of Murthogh, O'Sullivan, and Co. Truly I should wish to be an auditor in the great hall of Farnham House, when this evangelical lady addresses the new converts—the pipers, tinkers, pedlars, and

the other lazaroni of Cavan. I wonder does her ladyship display much action? No doubt, she adopts her language to the capacity of her auditors, and speaks of heavenly love and the new Jerusalem.

In the meantime, Lord Farnham has published a religious manifesto; which I have not seen: but his lordship may be assured that it will render his name immortal; for it has drawn forth the following eloquent reply:

“MY LORD,—A speech, reported to have been lately delivered by your Lordship on the occasion of your establishing ‘A Cavan Association for promoting the Reformation,’ has just reached me. I pass by the local, and personal, and religious portions of that speech. Those portions of it which may be called *local*, and which treat of conversions lately wrought in your neighbourhood, are even now sufficiently elucidated by the letters and other documents published this day in *The Dublin Weekly Register*—documents of which I hope to see the substance embodied in a petition, and presented to that House of Parliament, of which, owing to the distracted state of Ireland, your Lordship is a member. The personal attacks made in that speech on the Catholic Prelates, who lately disturbed the order of proceedings in Kilmore diocese, will, no doubt be warmly repelled, by ‘Him of Maronia,’ as one of those Prelates is styled by your Honourable Relative. The Religious Essays in which your Lordship has indulged, may, and probably will employ the pen of some caustic polemic. I shall, therefore, take to my account only that portion of your speech which is purely political, and discuss it with that gravity and freedom due to the deliberate opinions of a distinguished leader of a party.

“Your Lordship’s political opinions, when disengaged from extraneous matters and superfluous words, are these:—First, that the claims of the Irish Catholics must be conceded, if they continue in their present strength of numbers. Secondly, that if these claims be conceded, the Church Establishment must fall. Thirdly, that a consequence, not remote, of such concession would be, the separation of the two islands one from the other.

“Let us examine each of these propositions separately, before we notice that preventive of evil, ‘The Cavan Association for promoting the Reformation,’ just instituted by your Lordship.

“First,—‘The claims of the Irish Catholics must be conceded, if they continue in their present strength of numbers.’ The truth of this proposition is undeniable. It arises from causes over which even Parliament, though said to be omnipotent, has but little control. Grattan once said, it was as easy to stop the movement of the sun, as to impede the progress of that other sun—reason and justice—which had arisen to liberalize the Protestant and liberate the Catholic. The cause of the Irish Catholics has now progressed so far—it is carried onwards by such a force, external and internal, foreign and domestic, that, to arrest it, would be as much beyond the power of any body of men, as it would be beyond the power of your Lordship to stem the cataract of Niagara. The Catholic cause cannot be defeated in this empire; for now that its merits are known, it is aided by the genius of the Constitution, the spirit of the British Law, the immense power of Literature and Commerce—nay, as bearing on the security and value of property, it has allied itself with the most influential part of the community, whilst it has only to combat with coarse and vulgar prejudices—with an establishment useless, burdensome, and corrupt—and with a pride and selfishness which every occurring death diminishes. This cause, then, must, beyond doubt, prevail, if public opinion be the supreme regulator in this empire—and the anticipations or apprehensions of your Lordship will be verified within a short space of time, if the Catholics continue temperate, firm, and united. In forming this judgment on the proposition deduced from your Lordship’s speech, I have left out of calculation those events which might cause the passing an Emancipation Bill, as abruptly as an Order in Council has been sometimes issued.

“Your second opinion, or prediction, is substantially this, ‘that if the Catholic claims be conceded, the Church Establishment must fall.’

"Were a Catholic to speak as freely on this subject as you have done, when treating of the Irish Catholic Prelacy, he might wring the heart of persons very dear to you---he might even gratify those feelings of his own, which it is the duty of every wise man, at all times, to repress. But it is not permitted 'to return railing for railing,' nor even at all times to defend justly those who are unjustly injured. When indignation burns within the breast of an Irish Catholic, he should endeavour to humble himself under the powerful hand of God, and say with the heroic and patient Maccabee, when enduring indignities, and offering up his life before a sacrilegious tyrant, for the divine religion which he professed, 'We, indeed, suffer these things on account of our sins, but you will not escape the judgment of God.'

"But to our purpose. The Church Establishment will fall if the claims of the Catholics be conceded.

"I think the Church Establishment must fall sooner or later; its merits in Ireland are too well known---it has been brought to the light, and its works being such as do not bear the light, it will, it must suffer loss as soon as an impartial judgment can be passed upon it. Clamour, bigotry, enthusiasm, and a spirit of selfishness, constitute its present chief support. It derives no aid from reason, justice, or public utility. Its old connexion with the Crown, and that wise aversion to experimental innovation which characterises every wise government, unite to defend it; but, if the passions of the people were calmed, some man with the spirit and power of Burke, who arranged that chaos 'the Civil List,' and purified, without injuring them, the revenues and prerogatives of the Crown itself---some such man would arise and free the nation from the reproach of the Irish Temporal Establishment; he would relieve religion from an incubus, and the land of the country, with its proprietors and cultivators, from an intolerable pressure. The concession of the Catholic claims would hasten this desirable result, not by any revolutionary movement, as your lordship seems to apprehend, but by removing an immense barrier, which the agitation of those claims now opposes to the progress of reason and justice, and by uniting all classes of Irishmen in labouring to renovate their country, and to restore her, divided and almost lifeless as she is, to a state of health and vigour. Can your Lordship, laying your hand on your breast, appeal to your conscience or honour, and then say, that the Irish Church Establishment requires no reform? It is impossible that you could, my Lord; because it is monstrous to think that an annual income, amounting to several millions sterling, being appropriated, in such a country as Ireland, to the maintenance of the pastors of less than one thirtieth part of the population---laying aside all notice of the laws by which this revenue is protected and collected---their partial nature, the mode of administering them, and the character of the agents by whom they are executed. The English people are, as yet, but imperfectly acquainted with the nature or viciousness of this establishment. We, in Ireland, have been accustomed to view it from our infancy, and when men gaze for a considerable time at the most hideous monster, they can view it with diminished horror; but a man of reflection, living in Ireland, and coolly observing the workings of the Church Establishment, would seek for some likeness to it only amongst the priests of Juggernaut, who sacrifice the poor naked human victims to their impure and detestable idols.

"It does not appear, my Lord, to be either just or useful to preserve the Irish Establishment by oppressing the Irish people, or to embarrass the empire, extinguish peace, and prepare the way for appalling evils, by withholding rights, the concession of which might be the occasion, but not the cause, of correcting abuses, of which every honest man's conscience must disapprove.

"If, therefore, the Reformation of the Church Establishment were even a necessary consequence of the concession of the Catholic claims, those claims ought not, on that account, to be withheld---and your Lordship would, in my opinion, act much more wisely, by inviting

'Tories and contending Whigs'

to settle the great national question which troubles the public repose, and agitates the empire, than you do by calling on them to enter with you upon what a little more experience will show you to be a perfectly useless crusade against the

religion of the Irish people. 'Fruitless,' I mean, of such conversions as you contemplate, but probably fruitful in results far and widely different from those which you would have the public to believe you expect.

"Tis true, my Lord, that I find it extremely difficult to give you credit for sincerity, when you appear in the same ranks with such men as Mr. Pope and Mr. Gordon, and express an opinion, that the Church of Ireland, purified by so much persecution, can be moved by the fulsome declamation of itinerant enthusiasts. Your Lordship, indeed, whilst you wish to convey this impression to others, and thereby excite that movement in Ireland, which you are well satisfied would aid the efforts of your party, seek to guard your character by confining your prediction to some thousands of converts. But admitting that all you anticipate may occur---and I am convinced from what I know, and see, and touch, that the reverse will happen---are you, my Lord, prepared to increase the public danger---to risk the public safety, and that for an indefinite time, whilst all the passions of an ardent people are to be excited to a state of phrensy? Is your Lordship prepared to brave all this, that some thousands of the vilest rabble may be added to the numbers of the Protestant Church? When this supposed addition of some thousands, taken from between six and seven millions of Catholics, will have been made to the, at present, small number of Protestants, what approach will your country, which should be more dear to you than life, have made to a state of peace or improvement? Will the expected change in the relative proportion of numbers diminish the disposition, should it exist, of both parties measuring their strength one with the other? Will it restore confidence, promote harmony, increase wealth, augment the revenue, or bind the people in affection to the throne? Will it render us less a by-word to the nations, fit objects for contempt, or scorn, 'to point its slow and moving finger at.' Should England listen to the invitation of your Lordship, and a portion of her people join you in a religious crusade against your countrymen, can she lift her head among the states of Europe, or not rather seek an alliance with the Cham of Tartary, than with any Christian nation of the present age? If her treatment of Ireland, already subjects her people, when abroad, to insult, her ministers to taunting retorts, and her government itself to much vexation and embarrassment, how will she feel, when her Catholic subjects will be compelled to invoke the sympathies of mankind, to quit their country and their homes, and seek for liberty of conscience in distant climes?

"But, my Lord, when your crusade awakes, and it has already awakened, the polemic energies of the Catholic Church in Ireland---when her ministers undertake to expose the nakedness of Protestantism, to discuss her titles, to analyse her history, and what they call her errors and her crimes---when these men paint in that language which religious zeal alone inspires, the great apostacy (as they consider it) of the sixteenth century, and warn men from that gulph of infidelity into which the swarms of Protestant sects are precipitating themselves, does your lordship suppose that such appeals, proceeding from the priesthood of the people, will be fruitless? If I can judge from an experiment which, from my own knowledge, has been already tried upon a small scale, and within a narrow circle, I would suppose that the Catholic Church will become doubly secure in Ireland, and that some thousands of the few Protestants which your church now numbers, will pass over to her rival. Many Catholics, be assured, my lord, anticipate, and not without cause, that a number of those trees which, as they say, are now twice dead, will be enlivened and take root again, that many wandering stars, which now travel unrestrained by any law, will be fixed again in their orbit:---that great numbers of men, who are now tossed about by every wind of doctrine, will come to bend in the temples and adore before the altars which their fathers deserted. Your lordship may be prepared to find that the Catholics are ready for the conflict; and though they will have to contend against fearful odds---the wealth, the power, the influence of this world---yet, will they gird their loins for the combat, and will inflict upon the legal creed many a deadly blow. I doubt, therefore, whether the public, or even the church, will be satisfied with the responsibility of your lordship, as to the consequences which may result from your projected crusade. But the apprehended danger of the church establishment is not the most fearful consequence which appears to your lordship as likely to result from the concession of the Catholic claims. You predict that

such concession would lead, at no remote period, to a separation of this country from Great Britain. If Lord Charlemont and Mr. Grattan had concurred earnestly with Mr. Flood, at the time the Irish Convention first met in Dublin, this separation would have been then attempted. And by whom, permit me to inquire of your lordship?—Not by Catholics, but by men who would not give to them any of those rights of citizenship which were shortly afterwards conceded to them at the instance of the crown. When a jealousy of British influence, or a dislike to the connexion, produced, at a subsequent period, the league of United Irishmen, whose avowed object was separation—who were its framers, its propagators, its supporters?—*They were not Catholics*—the Catholics were only its victims. When this country, its laws and privileges, and its distinct national existence, were afterwards brought to market and made matter of traffic, who were they, who, swayed by a thirst of gold, sold their conscience and their country? Were they Catholics?—No; the Catholics were even forced to take refuge under the shadow of the throne, from the bigotry of men, who, rather than confide in their own flesh and blood, gave their country to the winds of Heaven, and concurred in the last act of legal power which instituted an inquisition into the testaments of the dead. Were the Catholics the first to raise their voices against the Act of Union—the repeal of which is deemed by all a necessary antecedent to any attempt at separation? No; the first and loudest cry raised against the Union proceeded from that body without a heart or soul—the Dublin Corporation—which has no god but its belly—no country but its imposts, and no conscience but the spirit of exaction. Why, then, does your lordship suffer your patriotism to take a wrong direction, and lend the influence of your name to be employed in supporting a party which has no country—no conscience—no regard for the safety or happiness of their fellow men? Why are you blind to, or affect to be blind to, the loyalty of the Catholics, so long maintained—to their fidelity so often tried—to their love of country so often proved? And why do you prefer to them a dishonest party, whose vices are unredeemed by any virtue? The question for an Irish patriot to consider is—first, would separation from England be practicable if the Catholics were emancipated? Next,—would it be useful if it were practicable? If the present balance of power in Europe can be maintained, every attempt to separate these islands would be abortive; and, until a revolution more extensive and violent than that which has lately terminated, shall again pervade this hemisphere, every Irishman of sound views will labour to cement the existing union. If the Catholics, therefore, were emancipated, and Ireland governed justly, there is no portion of her inhabitants would labour more zealously, or with fairer views for the prosperity of the united kingdom, than these Catholics. Supposing, again, that the present European system continued, and that the Catholics were emancipated, and enabled, in conjunction with other denominations of Irishmen, to attempt a separation, would it be useful to Ireland that it were effected? No; certainly—for if Ireland were truly identified with England, she would have more power, more commerce, internal and external—more glory, wealth, and fame, than she could expect in any new situation wherein she could be placed. Her interests, then, manifestly, are in unison with her duty; and though some ardent and speculative spirit may speak or declaim of separation and independence, they will never be enabled to arouse the people to a state of war against the government, nor will they gain over to them the reflecting part of the community. This, however, is said, on the supposition that the just claims of the Catholics are conceded, and the country governed, not by compromise, indecision, and petty intrigue, but by a just, and frank, and straight-forward policy.

“We have seen that side of the picture—now let us look at this.

“Your lordship fears separation if the Catholic claims be conceded. Has your lordship no fear if they be withheld? In reasoning on this hypothesis, I do not take into calculation the increased irritation, heart-burnings, hatred, and disaffection, which your new crusade will produce, and produce, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. No; I argue only on the data already before us of the existing state of things. The peace of Europe is, confessedly, in jeopardy. Austria, though silent, holds the balance in her hands: even she could be forced into action, if France, Russia, and the United States, cordially coalesced. We all

know the temper of this last-mentioned power, and how eagerly she desires the dismemberment of our western empire. Every person of knowledge feels how much she would be prompted to attempt it before the states of South America are enabled to become her rivals, and ally themselves with us to curb her power. We also know of their views on Ireland, and how many of our exiled countrymen burn beyond the Atlantic with a spirit of revenge. Let us turn to Russia. What stands between her and the occupation of Constantinople, but England? Austria alone could not oppose her. Moreover, Austria could be secured and indemnified, as it were, for the acquisition of power by her neighbour. Russia is impelled by her geographical position, and the genius of Peter and Catherine, to desire our humiliation. France is said to be our natural enemy. We have raised up a barrier to her ambition in the Netherlands; but a barrier which a campaign of three months would pull down. We have given to her Spain—a country with resources but little known, and placed her, by our Irish policy, at the head of all the Catholic—call it, if you will—bigotry which is found in Europe. And will not the state of Ireland, my lord, urge her, and urge the other states which I have mentioned, to calculate whether the power and even name of the British empire, may not now be taken away? May not France and Russia and the United States deliberate on the separation of those islands—the dismemberment of our empire—and the eternal humiliation of the haughty mistress of the sea? Alas! my lord, we seem to confide too much in our own power, to estimate other nations too lowly; to look too superciliously on our own people—the nerves of our body politic. We are still intoxicated with the recollection of our late victories; we forget our debt—our currency—our manufactures—our discontented people.

“Our domestic feuds and jealousies contract our views, distract our thoughts, embitter our feelings; they drive our peers back to the thirteenth century, and cause them to deliberate, at a time of the utmost difficulty, if not of peril, about undertaking a religious crusade.

“I would say, my lord, to you—every Catholic should say it to every Protestant—every Liberator should say it to every Orangeman—every priest to every parson, *Jungamus dexteris*: let us unite our right hands: let us rally round the throne; and, inviting our sovereign to govern us by just and equal laws, enable him to exclaim, in defiance, before the face of all the world, the words of Christian fortitude engraved on his crest—*Dieu et mon droit*.

“I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship’s faithful and obedient servant,
J. K. L.”

Every body knows that J. K. L. are the episcopal initials of the Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin: but, even were there no signature, we could not mistake this vigorous and luting production for any other than Dr. Doyle’s pen.

Shiel’s trial, it appears, is postponed to some day in April, and in all probability will never come on. The Irish government cannot be so silly as to imagine that the aspirations of seven million of high-minded men can be kept down by state prosecutions.

Cobbett has at length been treated as he deserved—kicked out of the Catholic Association: it is only surprising that he was endured so long.*

The Earl of Liverpool, prime minister, is politically dead. Who shall succeed him? Verily I know not.
O’S. B.

* Our two friends, O’Sullivan Bear and Frank Fegan, take a different view of Cobbett’s expulsion from the Association. We shall, in all probability, have a few words to say in our next, why we are inclined to concur in the opinion of O’Sullivan, in preference to that of Fegan.—ED.